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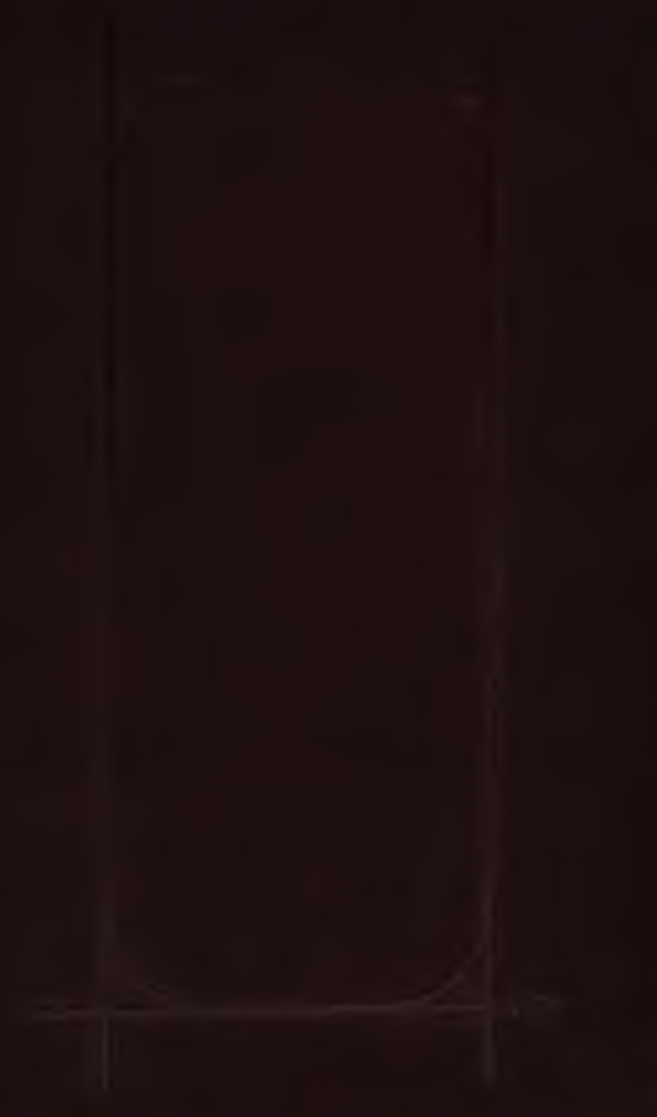
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A

DAY ON THE MUSES' HILL.

BY

KENELM HENRY DIGBY, ESQ.



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LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER.

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A DAY ON THE MUSES' HILL.

TIME—*Midnight, Daybreak, and Sunrise.*

SCENE—*A Church in the distance, from which rise the hymns for MATINS, LAUDS, and PRIME.*

MATINS.

WATCHING now at midnight, till the morning
peeps,
Fix'd upon the Psalms attention each one keeps;
With concordant voices, while all nature sleeps,
Chant we dulcet hymns.

That to Heaven pious similarly singing,
With God's holy saints our upward way still
winging,
There may be vouchsafed us, true love ever
bringing,
Life blest evermore.

Oh may this be granted by God ever blest,
Whose praise, as of Father, Son in whom we rest,
Holy Spirit prompting ever what is best,
Soundeth through all worlds.

LAUDS.

Lo, now darkness fieth bearing off the night ;
With Aurora's beams the earth again is bright ;
Suppliants, we raise above to Heaven's Light
Songs of praise, and prayer !

That through God's compassion, though we culprits
be,
Pain may fly far off, to leave us safe and free,
Reaping what may suit each best eternally,
Peace shed over all.

THE SECOND HYMN.

Paternal glory's splendour bright,
From light itself producing light,
Great Fountain of each brilliant ray,
Thou Day illuminating day,

True Sun, Oh ! shine forth now around,
Pour forth Thy beams on our cold ground,
That Thy good Spirit's holy light
May dissipate the senses' night.

With vows the Father now we pray,
Of grace supernal constant stay,
Great Father of the glory high,
Who knows that danger aye is nigh.

We pray for noble energy,
That circumstance may happy be,
That envious teeth may meet with shame,
That acting well may be our aim,

That He may ever rule our mind,
As pure, and still with softness kind,
That Honour with true heat may glow,
Vile fraud's base poison ne'er to know ;

That Christ to us be food and drink,
That faith be true whate'er we think,
That, sober, we may quaff with glee
The Spirit's vast redundancy.

May days be happy here below,
That modesty like dawn may glow,
That faith may as the noontide pass,
No twilight hear the mind's alas !

Aurora brings the rosy light
With dawn, Oh! come to mental sight ;
Come all the Father, all the Son
Who life eternal for us won.

PRIME.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the blessed Trinity,
The same now and eternally,
From men and from the angels free.

PRIME.

JUST risen now the star of light,
We pray great God adoring low,
To save us with His puissant might
To-day from all that ill would grow.

Our tongue to curb, restraining wit,
Lest strife's fell horror heard should be,
Our sight to cherish, shielding it,
Lest eyes should draw but vanity.

May deep hearts know not vice's brink,
May folly, absent, fly afar,
May sparing use of food and drink
To pride of flesh be found a bar.

That when we see the day decline,
And night come back with darksome shade,
The mind through abstinence may shine,
And sense of God our songs pervade.

To God the Father glory be,
Who reigns in Triune majesty,
The same now and eternally,
From men and from the angels free¹.

SCENE—*The Fields.*

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

UPRISEN, welcome, joyful day,
When we must join the flocks of May
To range through fields and groves.
Avaunt all cares, and let's be free,
At least beneath the greenwood tree
While each one happy roves.

'Tis sunny rays we now invoke,
The smile, the laugh, the youthful joke,
The thought profound as well;
For deep are often brightest things,
Of which the boy or maiden sings,
When their quaint thoughts they tell.

And sooth, we're always sure to see
In groves, fields, streets, where'er we be,
Some food for fancy bright,
Some gem from Eden wander'd far,
Some fair effulgence like a star,
To cheer our mental sight.

¹ Translated from the Roman Office.

Cool breath of morning, balmy air,
With thee we all must now prepare
For thoughtful studies sweet
Of what soars floating in the sky,
Or scatter'd on the ground may lie,
For contemplation meet.

Still memory must play a part,
While music sounds to move your heart,
Recalling what you knew,
Before you had the merry will
To frolic on the Muses' Hill,
To play and think anew.

Lo, freedom is the first bright thought
Which comes like Nature's gifts unsought,
Like Heaven's blessed air ;
Which makes gigantic strength to grow,
All tender beauteous things to blow,
The noble and the fair.

Oh let not simple weakness blind
The eyes of holy men and kind
To this great good they meet ;
Although at times the kites will cry,
And hooting owls float screaming by,
The song of birds is sweet.

Men left without their liberty
Present an awful mystery,
 To strike the wisest dumb ;
But with their freedom all is plain,
Of no hard problems they complain,
 Though Godlike they become.

A bright thought is the love of men,
Which naturally follows then,
 When hearts will all unite ;
For hearts with secrets are endow'd,
Which are not always quite avow'd,
 Transcending human sight.

Let others sing the motives grand,
Which Prose itself can understand,
 Why mankind we should prize ;
Enough for me I freely own,
An oculist as poet grown,
 To cure defect of eyes ;

To teach you always then to look
On faces as a gracious book
 In which you read so much ;
To fill you with affection fond,
And yet to give you views beyond
 The things which hands can touch.

What sheer defect of sight I find
In those whose eyes are never kind,
Each inward good to tell,
That rests beneath the surface clear ;
Though looks will make it all appear
Which coldness should dispel.

Yes, comrades, look on men with love,
Look as the angels gaze above ;
For that your eyes were given ;
Let youth and age be near your heart,
Let even faults now find a part
Where all is cancell'd, shriven.

Then love of country, England dear,
What joy in minds will now appear
Beholding, hearing thee !
While elsewhere contemplation bare
Will feed too much on evils there,
From which thou art not free.

For absence them will all unfold,
Such faults as are in hist'ries told ;
But once again a look
Reveals kind hearts and noble, true,
And brings back glorious things to view ;
You close the fusty book.

'Tis eyes and ears that make you love
Sweet England, and will soon remove
 Impressions sad and stern
From printed sheets you find around,
In which alone her faults are found,
 That you try not to learn.

But left with your perceptions keen,
You find that you yourself have seen
 What is so grandly told
By one of whom you prize the pen—
Montalembert—describing then
 Her spirit gentle, bold.

But freedom, mankind, country, all,
At times grow pale ; your spirits fall ;
 Dull shades obscure the sky ;
Then friendship with a tender ray
Steals o'er this darkness like the day,
 A warmer light is nigh.


Abstractions, truths howe'er sublime,
Are not of man the native clime,
 As Eden could relate ;
And love and friendship needed there
Alone can all his wants repair
 In this his exiled state.

Excitements, like the sparkling wine,
May raise bright images to shine
An instant on his way ;
But friendship, that pure crystal source,
Will prove at last his best resource
For pleasures that will stay.

What beams from Tully's ancient page,
What light from Ailred, Christian sage,
Whose theme was still the same ;
What joys did he of Blois express,
That Peter, who did love profess
To be his sweetest aim !

Those poor frail beauties once so dear,
Who did of yore in France appear
To captivate the mind,
Expressly friendship did maintain
To be preferr'd to Love's own reign,
If wounded hearts you'd bind.

Ah, yes ! dear Annie, let some rail,
And wonder how thou shouldst prevail,
So secret and so shy ;
But let the proudest fair ones know,
Thou canst beyond theirs gifts bestow
When they their best will try.



So clear and sweet is friendship's voice,
There can be still no other choice
 When Nature you will hear ;
Bright raptures kindle and explode,
In hearts they have no sure abode,
 They flash and disappear.

But friendship glows with steady light,
'Tis always there by day and night,
 To influence your way,
To cheer you with its gentle beams,
To chase the spells of passion's dreams,
 And though unseen to stay.

Now let us mark what airy wings
Will grow from using smaller things
 That hover at our side,
The joys on which Jules Janin wrote,
The little joys on which we dote,
 Which sparkle and abide.

The joy of seeing sun-clad fields,
The joy that Spring with Summer yields,
 Which no harsh mind can blame ;
The joy of rambling through a wood,
Of seeing things not understood,
 For which there's scarce a name.

'Tis well that some should still enjoy
High themes, and science deep employ
To search and scrutinize ;
But nature, wiser than they all,
Contrives by lowest things and small
To yield what most we prize.

Disdainful though ungrateful, proud,
No little joys some praise aloud,
Where prose and dulness reign ;
But here, upon our friendly hill,
Proclaim them best of things we will,
Whoever may complain.

Then sooth it is a happy thought
That Beauty reigns where Faith has brought
And fix'd her stamp around ;
Beatitudes are sources pure
To make an Artist's fame endure,
Who there has guidance found.

Yes, Beauty too might guide our eyes
To love the things that Christians prize,
For there is Art's domain ;
Humility is picturesque,
But Pride too pompous, gigantesque,
Her softness to retain.

The Pilgrim's Hostel stain'd and quaint
Is what our Prout would love to paint,
And not the grand Hotel ;
The errand boy in rough attire,
Each rude poor thing Art can admire
And seize its graces well.

But now another thought most bright
Will bring before the mental sight
The joys that letters yield ;
That love of books, on which our friend
Jules Janin treats, our course to bend
To that sweet fruitful field.

How mysteries will still surround
This life on earth, where now is found
A world long fled away !
That world in books from ages past
Which doubtless with our globe will last,
A mental glorious Day !

A world it is, unseen, apart,
That yet can teach and touch our heart,
Appearing to the mind ;
Just think what men you there behold !
What spirits from the days of old,
There living still you find !

To join you in your summer bower,
To follow you each day and hour,
 To counsel or amuse,
To wing you when you wish to fly,
To cheer when on the ground you lie,
 Gay, pensive, as you choose.

Lo Virgil, Homer, Sophocles,
Herodotus, with Livy stays,
 Poor Ovid with his lyre,
Saint Austin, Ambrose, Leo great,
And Gregory in holy state,
 With myriads who inspire,

With virgin souls and spirits bright,
At least reflected back to sight
 By those who will unfold
The graces of a woman's mind,
Which by herself you seldom find
 On written pages told.

But while she seeks concealment thus,
There are who call her back to us,
 Without her never rise ;
So hand in hand these lovers staid
Lead back the matron and the maid
 To cheer our wearied eyes.

Thus Dante, Shakspeare, Petrarch too,
Recall these gracious shades to view,
While Louis, Charlemagne,
All the old great holy kings,
Of whom our ancient story rings,
You here behold again.

Great orators with Cicero,
And senators who scornèd woe,
Like More who nobly died ;
These all are here, the wise and just,
Who teach us still in truth to trust
When outraged and denied.

These ghostly spirits ever found
Come and depart without a sound,
Ethereal all the while ;
You question them, they understand,
You have them ever at command,
As if by magic wile.

Yes, from the depth of ages vast,
Great Pagans, Christians, who have pass'd,
Rise tranquilly when call'd ;
This spell from shades of death relieves,
Each glides beneath immortal leaves,
Elysian fields forestall'd.

And then, in spite of things that grieve,
How much is found that can relieve
A thoughtful mind and free!
Imparting quite a cheerful light,
Contrasted with a former night,
To many things you see.

For who can be ungrateful, blind,
Forgetting hideous things, unkind,
That now are swept away;
As slavery, torture, glory thought
To rise from deeds abhorrent wrought,
From numbers armies slay?

Or who regrets no sompnours stand
At doors of all men to command
And with that great power high,
Which once in England reign'd around,
As in old Chaucer can be found,
Our private faults to spy?

Thrice happy thought, that we can be
Exempted from abuses, free
From tangled nets of ill,
Administrative talents great
Inquiring into every state,
Their duties to fulfil.

That such intriguings all are fled,
For ever buried with the dead,
 As but perversions vast,
That neither force, nor bribes, nor law,
Can noble spirits longer draw
 From loving what will last.

And then there's something in the air,
Of which each conscience is aware,
 That tells we should be true,
Fair, open, honest, manly, kind,
Not cunning tyrants in our mind,
 Whom each or all can rue.

Then customs with no meaning more
But few are eager to restore,
 Offending even eyes ;
So from our infant's dawn of life,
With Nature at no needless strife,
 We do not her despise.

Thus all can now her beauty see,
Developed with consistency
 And thought, a worship pure,
Harmonious with each part and whole,
That guides the holy Christian soul
 For ever to endure.

True progress is a thought of joy,
To cause enchantment, not annoy
 A noble mind and free,
That meditates the wondrous span
Allotted here below to man,
 To angels next degree.

The Muse accepts what Science brings,
Vast, innocent, pacific things,
 Fresh glory of our race ;
That tend to open boundless fields,
Where each new scope for genius yields,
 And Passion leaves no trace.

Such gifts of Science are her pride ;
She calls her children far and wide
 To bless them in their song ;
They teach how God above is great,
And how He wills the human state
 To pass to truth from wrong.

Without them even we must love
The age we live in far above
 Whole centuries roll'd by ;
We needs must love our flocks of youth,
Who hail these backward steps of Truth,
 For which they seem to sigh.

Contemporaries here are free ;
In them, in England, much we see
 To yield both joy and trust ;
Unlike the Continental bands,
Whom ancient faith with pain withstands,
 Intentions here are just.

But now, surpassing all bright things,
Comes soaring on its azure wings
 To us a thought o'er all,
Transcendant in its peerless joy ;
So having silence to employ,
 We merely bow and fall.

Sing, prattle like a child we may,
But language never can convey
 The sense of inward gleams
Which a deep, true, religious thought,
To human hearts has ever brought,
 More colour'd than our dreams.

I must not sing of what extends
To regions where our province ends ;
 The saints alone explore
The sweets of that celestial Rest
Vouchsafed on earth to all the blest,
 That vast, exhaustless store.

Bright beams of truth, distinct and sure,
From errors fatal to secure
All those whom Faith will guide;
But I will gently strike the lyre,
And call upon you to admire
Some wonders at your side.

For thoughts across the mind will fly,
Like lightning flash'd through summer's sky,
You know not how nor whence;
Though music, motion, seem to be
The cause of this great mystery
That baffles mind and sense.

A certain tone or burst of sound,
A certain movement gracious found,
Though heeding not the dance,
Can cause impressions swiftly fled,
Yes, swifter than the word is said,
Which can your soul entrance.

Proud shallow pedants oft disdain
The sports of youth, and think them vain;
Their eyes are blindness stark;
For David, that wise holy king,
Would play upon the harp and sing,
And dance before the ark.

Oh yes, there is a secret deep,
To make with joy the angels weep,
In these impressions all;
'Tis logical to trace their spring
Above, beyond each earthly thing;
'Tis from Heaven they must fall.

Themselves so bright, serene and high,
Comparison they will defy,
With aught that can be sung;
We only feel that they are not
Of human, earthly things begot,
Their place the stars among.

Yes, cautious sage, a mark they wear
Of which pure reason is aware,
To fill us with amaze;
Each sign, which they will always show
To judgments careful here below,
Their origin betrays.

As stones that wander from the sky,
Embedded though in earth they lie,
Prove strangers that could rove,
So thoughts like these have hidden ore,
Which even can demonstrate more
They're fallen from above.

But rise, we cannot always stay;
Whatever glorious orient ray
May gleam upon this hill;
The thought and hope were not mis-spent
When thus at early dawn we went
Our frolics to fulfil.

HOPES.

Our early musings thus begun,
I tremble lest we be
Too glad, triumphant, with the Sun,
Expecting shadeless glee.

Then in Aurora's blushing beams,
Of sadness I will sing,
That later in our careless dreams
Nought worse may clog our wing.

The morning rose with golden light,
From home I took my way,
The dawn revives the dullest sprite,
Though lonesome it must stray.

What new sensations when we change
Scene, air, and even hours,
To feel so free, and onwards range,
As gifted with new powers!

Hope spoke of former joyful haunts,
When Mary was with me,
No faint mistrust my spirit daunts,
Since these I soon shall see.

I pass'd the straits, I travell'd far,
No bird could match the speed,
For Hope still lured me like a star,
And said I nought should need.

A host of friends received me soon,
A smile each one would wear,
I could not dream a higher boon,
But Mary was not there.

Instinctively I sought her trace,
No alterations found ;
A year could nothing there efface ;
Yet all's an empty sound !

Just still the same, these charming friends,
For me could do no more ;
But something deep my bosom rends,
It is not as of yore.

Still gay and young, these groups unchanged
Can want no pleasure rare ;
On slopes or sands, or benches ranged,—
But Mary is not there !

I'll leave them, forth to walk and stray,
Some other clue to try,
Perhaps she'll be less far away,
When many are not by!

How bright the beach! how blue the sea!
How sweet the garden fair!
But what does all that say to me,
Save Mary is not there?

I heard the ball struck! not her blow,
The laugh! but not her own;
My hope is gone, yes, even so,
And all my mirth is flown!

Quite dull and lonesome is the grove,
The plain of beauty bare,
'Tis needless further on to rove,
For Mary is not there!

SWEET AND SWEETEST.

WHAT is sweeter than morn? soft Summer's eve,
Well, thus comparisons stray;
For Fancy 'tis pastime such flowers to weave,
So now she must have her way.

Then glorious the fête, and sweet is the day,
 When some high triumph is made ;
 But sweeter by far the heart's sure to say,
 When no time is left in shade ²,

When joys of a feast with peace in the soul
 Each day of the year abound,
 As those ever reap enjoying the whole,
 Who true good fellows are found.

Why think of any but these in our song ?
 Two classes hold all, O brothers ;
 There's that to which true good fellows belong,
 And there's—why then there's the others ³.

'Tis well to be boys, yet men in our minds,
 As wise as the aged and holy ;
 But men to be boys, we often shall find,
 Is sweeter and better wholly.

Grave Petrarch may boast that this he would scorn ⁴,
 I never can cease to think,
 That here is the milk as for those just born,
 The oldest and best should drink.

² "Il est toujours fête pour les gens de bien."

Bréviaire d'Amyot.

³ Cited by Ste. Beuve, *Notice sur Gavarni.*

⁴ "Ego in adolescentia vir fui ut in senectute puer essem." (?)
 — *Pet. Praef. Famil. Epist.*

'Tis fine to be great, of course rich as well,
 But then, as the ancients say,
 We are but "*hinder'd*," if truth we might tell,
 On whatever road we stray.

Sweeter is that which the French poet sung,
 In London or Paris the same,
 The garret in which you're so well when young,
 When no one inquires your name.

Let Epicures hail their sumptuous fare,
 Find least sufficient some must ;
 The fact still to utter we will yet dare,
 Feasts yield in mirth to a crust.

Vagueiras in song to Montferrat cries,
 Do you remember the day,
 'Twixt Albergue and Finat what a sweet prize
 We deem'd a loaf on our way ?

I loved, says another, though you may stare,
 My popular equipage free,
 Enjoying my rights of a Proletaire,
 With no one to wait on me⁵.

Distinction by some is thought to be sweet,
 But if it be seen too long,
 Vaugelas says he would fly to the street,
 To find it gracing the throng.

⁵ "Sum sanè ditior, seu veriùs impeditior."—*Pet. Præf. Famil. Epist.*

⁶ Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*.

'Tis fine to observe a Patrician air,
 'Tis sweeter to have a mind
Such as Montaigne's good old father would wear,
 Quite popular, common, kind.

'Tis well to be grave, 'tis well to reflect
 On crimes and follies of man;
But sweeter at times to see not defect,
 And good wherever we can.

Gavarni saw grace in lanes of St. Giles,
 Yes, delicate beauty there,
Withdrew from what only had jeweller's smiles,
 Of natural finish bare :

He saw parties stooping o'er a poor child;
 The moral he quickly drew,
That love can render us thoughtful and mild,
 If only now all we knew.

The comic let's mark with the serious still,
 Secrets of gesture and voice,
Language of all men disclosing their will,
 Leaving to no one a choice.

'Tis sweet to see things with the eyes of Sterne,
 Like him so pensive and gay;
The angels, I think, will smile to discern
 Our humorous acts each day.

'Tis right to feel anger holy and strong,
For those who seem wholly bad ;
Things that are only a tiny bit wrong,
Make me not angry or sad,

With Atticus ⁷, subject to good men's blame,
For never seeming to hate,
All those thus incurring reproach with shame,
Of them never skill'd to prate.

" Here, little man," says Gavarni's *fond wife*,
" Is your cap and your pipe, and your book,"
Let others search out the prisoner's past life,
My anger flies far at her look——

Imagined, for quite turn'd back to conceal
The tears no doubt in her eye,
With gay merry tone she'll nothing reveal,
But what she brings him so sly.

'Tis sweet to converse with the wise, profound,
But talents demand a truce,
And those in whom nothing seems to be found,
May yet prove to all of use.

In wise, constant Nature, some things are found
That seem quite useless and vain,
But if we could take in the whole around,
We should not again complain.

⁷ Nepos says of him, " A nonnullis optimatibus reprehendebatur quod parum odisse malos cives videretur."

Sweet women and men we can sometimes see,
Who seem to live for no ends ;
'Tis all our mistake, we now should agree,
They still may be useful friends.

All unpretending like grass in the field,
Which gives repose to the eye,
Each day and hour these meek creatures yield
The rest which others deny.

And then for demerits be not so sure
How Heaven may them survey,
Submissive and cheerful, they yet can cure
What great talents never may——

Hearts that come wounded from battles of life,
Wanting sweet looks or a smile,
Made sick of the old monotonous strife,
That sorrows cannot beguile.

The learned will strive, the skilful will toil,
No one is idle, they say;
But often some pride will enter to spoil
The work of years in a day.

And sooth, when we think of the simple throng
Of those whom we useless deem,
At least they are found less absorbed in wrong,
While humble their manners seem.

For silence, repose, mere beauty and love,
Are mental services too ;
The flowers and trees can equally prove,
That these are benefits true.

Sweet corporal labour, best for our race,
Curative, maugre its pain,
'Tis this that our evils can best efface,
Although so oft we complain.

We are meant for toil on the lake or hill,
Stitching or sweeping the ground ;
Rather than working out, restless in will,
New thoughts, however profound *.

Poor man, once created sublime to soar,
Has power like wings to fly,
But danger at present besets him more,
Tempted to doubt and deny.

There above the secrets of life are known,
No doubting of science more ;
Things here reserved will there all be his own,
With inexhaustible store.

'Tis sweet to anticipate, be it so ;
But here he can only try ;
By far it is sweeter his state to know,
And thus be prepared to die.

* De Champagny, *Histoire des Antonins*, Tom. i. 171.

I love to make friends wherever I rove,
'Tis sweet as the morning air,
And somehow 'tis strange like a dark, wild grove,
When nothing distinct is there.

'Tis sweet to catch accents so new and bland,
To watch each opening grace ;
Ideal before you the whole will stand,
As in dreams an angel's face.

But sweeter, perhaps, is the friend long known,
At least so it's always said,
Whose ways and whose thoughts seem just as your
own,
With nothing to doubt or dread.

That poor old friend, says the deep piercing text⁹,
Give him not up for a whim,
For though there are times when you may be vex'd,
The new one won't be like him.

I dote on the man who still will enjoy,
Like Atticus, true to ties¹,
The friend who once play'd with him, each a boy,
With a love that never dies.

⁹ Eccles. "Ne derelinquas amicum antiquum. Novus enim non erit similis illi."

¹ Nepos thus qualifies his friendship in old age with Q. Gellius Canus.

'Tis sweet when, while absent, cold death comes
near,
(What for a strange land atones)
To think then that those to whom we are dear
Are sure to receive our bones.

As Eumenes felt some solace for care,
When falling in fatal strife,
Knowing those round him his ashes would bear
To mother, children, and wife.

But sweeter, methinks, unattach'd to ground,
To heed not where bones may lie,
Thinking of those who for ever are found
Above all earth in the sky.

THE CHILDREN'S BOWER.

(An Imitation.)

PART I.

SEE the bower of the children, in a sweet and
pleasant land ;
We are seven, they cry joyfully, in fields or on the
sand,
In the garden grove, or meadow bright, we roam
from year to year,
Or we play upon the briny beach, where boats to us
are dear.

Look, there's Mary and our Mary Ann, Venetia,
and our May,
Then Jack, and Tom almost a man, and as fair as
dawn of day;
You must come with us, now each one cries, and sit
beneath the tree;
We will shout and sing, and dance and romp. Oh,
sha'n't we have our spree!

Like your birds we fly from place to place, from sea
to inland towns,
As when Dover stops us, Ramsgate, Bath, or
thence sweet Clifton Downs;
'Tis to Paris too we wing our way, or thence to
St. Germain,
Once Southampton also sees our troop, though
there we don't remain.

Where Boulogne's tall holy dome now stands, we
know the friendly hill;
So we migrate on, though each strange spot becomes
a sweet home still;
Now there's rambling through the forest old, or
tumbling in the hay;
Or there's climbing up the grand brown rocks, or
boating in the bay.

Then there's straying round the friendly hill, or
gazing on the deep,
When from huts through long old telescopes the
sailor gives a peep;

Then there's playing round the gnarled roots,
where Boulogne's wood extends,
Where from rooms too hot and streets we fly, as
soon as winter ends.

Now then, Pa, pray join us quickly, the sweet
summer comes so fair,
While there's nothing pleases perfectly, so long as
you're not there.
You can come into the study grave, and see how
much we learn,
From dear governess and tutor kind, whose faces
are not stern.

You will come of course to chapel too, for there we
all shall pray,
And it's thus now that the whole year round
begins each merry day;
Then we'll ride and walk together, swim, dance,
row, and laugh, and sing,
While we'll watch, admire, praise, and love each
poorest tiny thing.

Oh, 'tis sweet to hear our Marcy speak, so grave,
and wise, and high;
But 'tis sweeter Mary Ann to mark, and list her
tender sigh;
Oh, how fine to see our Thomas mount, ride on so
fair and gay,
To see our Kenelmus jump and run, and love each
manly play.

But still Jack the little pleases well, though I dare
not say the most,
When he looks on so admiringly, of each loved one
to boast,
While he wishes to be never praised, his life he'd
give to others,
So each evil that would lurk and grow, his guardian
angel smothers.

'Tis the sunshine there, and without a cloud, serene
as heaven clear,
While his idlest play seems wisdom pure, although
this is all you hear,
Do let's have a bit of fun, sweet May, hide close
till we're found out ;
How old Rose comes bounding o'er the furze, Fan
tracks us with her snout.

I love so much each noon to play, or through
evening lighted groves,
So he must love thought, but mirth as well, who
with our Menie roves ;
We must hear high marvels too as well, of wild
ghost stories, lots,
For we'll stop and listen, then for you we'll pluck
forget-me-nots.

So you *must* come to our bower, dear, with us all to
love and play,
For we're grave at times, you'll find it true, upon a
summer's day ;

Oh, next year it will I think be sweet, when we
are grown more tall,
Let your swells then speak so wise and meet, we
understand it all.

Each fresh season has its new delights, exhaustless
is our store;
Though each present hour has enough, what follows
has still more;
There's still something ever new and grand, while
weeks and months advance,
So this summer we to Dover fly, next year perhaps
to France.

See how years are rolling on so quick, some wonders
fresh to bring!
Can you fancy what we all shall be? Jack says
he'll be a king!
While at least we can count summers all, as if one
happy day;
Sha'n't we have then a grand bright day, Mary?
Oh, sha'n't we have a grand day?

Then to-morrow we are leaving here, and speeding
to the sea;
Oh, who can feel more enchanted now, or who
more gay than we?
See, the sun now sets right gloriously, such streaks
of gold and fire,
Do, oh, Mary, run and look with me, and this red
sky admire.

Then what swimming soon as we arrive, what
boating, and what rides!
Oh, what rising over mountain waves, what dancing
on the tides!
Oh, how jolly shall we all then be, so long as there
we stay;
Sha'n't we soon have a grand day, Mary? Oh, sha'n't
we have a grand day?

PART II.

If you're walking in the garden, or near the green-
wood lane,
You'll find a silence all around; but fret not nor
complain,
'Tis true we hoped for many years to please you in
our bower;
But Time, you know, in shortest space, has un-
divided power.

"God bless poor Fanny for the night," 'tis all that
yet can say
The first who needs must plume her wing, to rise
and fly away;
That parting leaves a vacant spot, foreboding future
woe,
Alas! we have not long to wait to find it even so.

It can't be help'd, this weakness strange, confining
me to bed,
Since eight days, being parch'd and hot, 'tis all that
can be said.
May, take my little wooden horse, and keep him
till I'm well,
The other things you can arrange, if I'm not here
to tell.

Dear mother, let me keep your hand, and I'll try
not to moan.
Alas ! I see it wounds your heart to hear me some-
times groan.
I can't now speak much longer thus ; so kiss me
ere I die.
There's silence then, till heard at last is one soft,
quick-drawn sigh.

We thought to haunt the bower still, with two
alone unseen,
But things will unexpectedly arise and intervene;
'Tis seldom that one flow'ret fair is gather'd for the
skies,
Without another drooping too, which pales and
quickly dies.

Why ride so pensive, Thomas fair, so early seeking
home ?
The sun yet high, the sweet, soft air, invites you
still to roam.

He stops, a mere acquaintance speaks, none to
grieve much are nigh,
It is, he answers with a smile, I'm going home to
die.

I've had my last chase now to-day, but still I don't
complain,
I feel a strange mysterious sense I ne'er shall
mount again.
Oh, call that father mild and true, so dear and
ever wise,
Lest consciousness should fade from me, and death
e'en you surprise.

Fain would I see my brother sweet, from us so
lately fled,
But what am I to join him there, when here I shall
be dead?
Oh lead me, lead me to my home, I would not be
away!
You are at home, my son, my child, no longer now
you stray.

He asks for money, which is laid upon his trem-
bling palms,
He hands it to the priest, and says, Dispense my
last poor alms;
Within my hand, O father, now place that taper
bright
(Of faith he sought a symbol still, so long as he
had sight).

Alas! how will my father bear this new unthought-
of grief?

My mother, a bright seraph here, from me needs no
relief.

Then silent, down his manly cheek three great
drops rolling fell.

Alas! how strange that I should still be here such
things to tell.

A shriek, a burst of frantic grief, is heard within
the hall;

'Tis hush'd, and then like ghosts they glide, no
tears, but silence all.

Come, Marcy! let your senses claim their just accus-
tom'd sway;

In vain you speak, the body stays, the mind has
pass'd away.

But see! the spirit now revives, though only to
declare

The Bower gone, two only left, her place no more
is there;

I cannot stay much longer here, and I too must be
gone,

Within some holy cloister hence; my earthly course
is done.

PART III.

I NEVER thought to see the day when I should
 wander more,
A selfish, lonely, unloved thing, to pass from door
 to door;
I thought my children's bower safe from all dull
 melancholy,
But what will not man dream awake, when left to
 muse with folly?

Oh, sweet is life reflected, when all seen in other's
 eyes,
When each thing can create delight, and yield a
 fresh surprise;
Exhaustless then and manifold is beauty ever spread
Around thee, but when left alone, 'twere better
 thou wert dead.

I know where bowers might be made like those I
 saw of yore,
But children such as fill'd them once, I never shall
 see more;
I know where flowers sweetest grow, where seats
 are by the sea,
But what is all their fragrance now, and that bright
 blue to me?

They say that we should be content to see another's
bower,
But yet to find it quite the same I own I've not the
power ;
They tell us to regard the type, forget the maid or
boy ;
With hand on breast, I ask them still, can this
yield equal joy ?

Of course the rest are loved in Heaven, like ours,
and just as well ;
Why not by us, may puzzle mind ; the heart alone
can tell.
I see them with the mental eye, I've nothing to
object,
They're fair and gracious, gentle, kind, I trace not
one defect ;

But my Letitia, Tom and May, with Marcy ever
proud,
My John and Fanny—Oh, 'tis vain to mix them
with the crowd !
No doubt I'm wrong ; and nature fond prompts all
the words I say ;
But she is potent with us all, and needs must have
her way.

'Tis hard to give up names so sweet, abstractions
to receive,
I think 'tis pride that dwells with us, which only
can deceive ;

Yes, mark that radiant star which shines o'er each
domestic roof,
That better light for all is found, soon yielding
ample proof.

Oh, sweet it is to hear the voice that echoes words
of life,
For father, mother, husband, child, and for the
tender wife,
Proclaiming things ineffable beyond the radiant sky,
That none of these, though personal, will ever, ever
die——

That there above in brighter scenes we meet again
to play
In Amaranthine bowers bright, and for an endless
day ;
It seem'd too hard at first, I own, when Fanny
pass'd away,
When neither John, nor Tom, nor e'en Marcella
tall would stay.

But now I would not call them back; no, if I had
the power,
I would not see them smile again within an earthly
bower;
Instinctively I know and feel, that only there above
Their joy is fix'd for evermore by the Eternal
Love.

And if their smile was such below, 'midst poor,
 stain'd, fading flowers,
Oh, what must be their radiance there, in their im-
 mortal bowers !
For she in mind alone who pass'd to join them in
 the sky,
Consorts with mystic pleasures here, like theirs
 that words defy.

But oh ! just now, what needless fear to see too
 bright a morn,
When thus, so soon, the sky o'ercast, we feel the
 wounding thorn !
In future let us ope our breast to each brief ardent
 ray,
And never dread lest we should spend an over-
 happy day.

TIME—*Forenoon.*

SCENE—*The Church in the distance, from which rises the
hymn for TIERCE.*

TIERCE.

Now with the Father and the Son,
 May the great Paraclete but deign
To come until the day be done,
 And fix within our hearts His reign.

Mouth, tongue, mind, sense, with vigour great,
Should personate confession free,
That charity may put out hate,
And all men dearest neighbours be.

O Pious Father grant this prayer,
That we to see Thee may be meet,
In heaven ever loving there,
Oh, grant it Son and Paraclete².

SCENE—*The Fields.*

A TRUANT CALLED BACK.

AURORA has reach'd the regions of day,
That rich golden light has soon pass'd away ;
But life-cheering heat augments with the blue,
Shedding on distance its own limpid hue.
That line of bright clouds, like Alps in the sky,
Might lure us still forward and further to fly.
Other days claim us for toils to fulfil ;
But now let us rest on the Muses' Hill.

But why so often be out for the day ?
Why be so anxious thus ever to stray ?

² Translated from the Roman Office.

If you will ask me the true reason why,
Each time the answer may not be so nigh ;
But there's a reason why people should seek
A treasury sure for many a freak ;
For, believe me, adventures past often prove
Remedies potent for calling back Love.
Memory ever will play a great part
In little matters of love and the heart ;
But it must always have suitable food,
Consisting in things done in playful mood.
Sweet love is an air encompassing all,
That beauteous in reach of its sway will fall,
It floats on the stream, or soars in the sky,
And stays with whatever enchants the eye ;
It can't be confined to colour a part,
One tone to all things it tends to impart.
The boy representing it, likes not to stay
Ever at home in a humdrum, dull way ;
He likes to be gadding when summer comes
round ;
And now it is I who his secret have found.
For mark, he foresees, the arch one and sly,
That days may arrive when he is not by ;
When he would gladly yet fly back to you,
Tempted by trifles in memory's view.

The soul, and the mind, and the person fair,
Attract his chief fancies every where ;
But not even these, when left all alone,
For other things beautiful lost atone.

Then let not life pass monotonous, pale,
With nothing but what stands tasteless and stale;
For Love must be fed with the crystal dew,
Which glitters in gardens where first it grew;
And if all around it be dry and cold,
The end oft I fear may be quickly told.
So speed to the blue of the waters fair,
For Love lowly skims and bathes himself there;
By passing o'er heaths, o'er hill, and through dale,
His soft and loved charms will ever prevail;
And if his pleasures are always to last,
He feeds on adventures achieved and past.
The hill-side so colour'd with setting rays,
Receiving the wearied on Summer ways;
Mock castles before them, the lake below,
By such things remember'd, their love will grow
All fonder for those who sat by their side,
Their own prized companion through time and tide.
Love too increases with thoughts of the day,
Once spent in bright gardens, time pass'd away.
When prattle and roses in mind return,
With all pristine fondness bosoms will burn;
Then call back the boat, the stream and the weir,
Still fairer your friend will once more appear.
Ripples escaping from her tiny hand
Add a fresh grace to her image so bland;
The flowers she cull'd, the weed that she held,
Form part of the whole which then you beheld.
Fears and the courage remember'd as well
Make Love grow still deeper than words can tell.

Now then reverting to still grander things,
Sweet Summer nights Love with memory sings ;
Freshness of life too he will acquire,
Thinking how young hearts could then all admire
The music, the songs, the childlike gay ball,
The moon through tall trees, the stars over all,
The lightsome arch girl that dances so free,
Round whose sweet face some a halo can see
Of mystical radiance, to indicate
What true love will think of her later state,
As when old painters show Magdalen thus,
Even while thoughtless, and like one of us,
(What does not charity always behold ?
Millions of things that can never be told.)
Oh, yes, I continue, the world unseen,
Thus blended with palpable things between,
Those lines of beauty that made you so glad,
The type of which here can never be had,
That glory suggestive, while thoughts correspond,
Anticipations that fly so beyond,
Slight things you talk'd of and thought of then not,
Will now call back Love, and ne'er be forgot.
For when they return so sprightly and gay,
Love thus attended will light up and stay ;
'Tis not that, losing its nature and blind,
It ceases to spring from roots in the mind.
But ground never broken, neglected, grows cold,
The fragrance of love inapt to unfold.
By midsummer skies or winds of November,
By incidents varied you can remember,

Days spent together in frolic and fun,
Evenings so merry when all work was done ;
By laughing and weeping though you would strive,
Old Love will fly back and ever revive.
So then, when finding your love growing cold,
Remember the little sweet things of old ;
Though common, and vested with no great state,
These blithe thoughts are proof against time and
fate.

You care not for evils that once caused fear ;
Fading from memory, these disappear ;
The griefs and alarms oblivion can blot,
Sweet looks exchanged once, are never forgot ;
Portentous things, hurtful, thought of no more,
Leave space in memory for a rich store
Of small tiny pleasures, Love's humble food,
Though how they can serve is not understood
By wits supercilious, wisest and great,
Accepting alone what's wound up with state.
The slightest adventure too small to tell,
For calling back Love, can act as a spell.
Any mock trouble engaged in together,
Though it were only a ride in hot weather,
Or else a set down from a cab in the snow,
In darkness, the horse refusing to go ;
Strolling expressly to find fresh delight,
Some sweet Summer's eve when all is so bright ;
Young strangers right comely met on your walk,
Questions and troubles, their thanks, and their
talk ;

Kites you watch'd plunging aloft in the sky,
Romps of the children, with whom you would vie ;
Strolling beneath the tall Hampstead dark firs,
Drawing in coolness when not a leaf stirs;
Meeting weird sisters, and having your laugh ;
Repaying some youngsters daring to chaff ;
Or taking rest in the sweet Vale of Health,
There feeding chickens who pick up by stealth ;
Or watching the swans from the garden fair,
At Kingston your boat left fast to the stair ;
Or laughing and roaming through Hampton Maze,
Where innocent folly frolics and stays ;
Or nutting through lanes of Norwood's high hill,
Or hand in hand wand'ring on fair evenings still ;
Proposing through fields of loved dead to stray,
And thinking religion if not to pray ;
Gazing on green light, through delicate sprays,
Tombs disappearing on sinuous ways ;
Embarking at Chelsea, yielding to prayer,
Though owning that no great attraction's there ;
Culling forget-me-nots, while you can swim,
Or screaming your name that the boat should trim ;—
When these things come back, like your youth at
play,
Then Love, grown still fonder, returns to stay.

Yes, strange, though most palpable facts no doubt ;
But Muses love always to search about ;
So none should object to depth in my song,
Since all profound questions to them belong ;

Even their name, that of music as well,
Comes, say the ancients, from seeking to tell
Things right mysterious and mostly unknown,
The word used implying this task alone³.
He who with them would sweet company keep,
Must ever inquire such secrets to reap.
Even Propertius can teach us in song⁴,
That wide ways to their feet never belong.
We thus then have turn'd, to leave all the crowd,
Singing things seldom acknowledged aloud;
For what's less known than the round-about way,
By which our true love will return to stay?
Thus questions so solved conduce to what's best,
And volatile spirits lead back to rest.

"Don't you remember?" be this then the song,
When trifles in love the least will go wrong;
Oh, can't you recall the branch of sweet May,
Handfuls of daffodils cull'd on the way,
The soft plaintive songs we heard on the green,
Tears brush'd away from an eye that were seen?
Oh, don't you remember the toils and fun,
Days that were ended as each was begun?
And think you, while songs and flow'rets survive,
That Love, when recalling them, can't revive?
No rose in those gardens so sweet and fair
As young heart's affection once tasted there.

³ Aphthonii Progymnasmata, 140.

⁴ "Non datur ad Musas currere lata via."

And nought should so little look like the past,
As Love intended for ever to last ;
Oh, let your wild fancies once more be won,
Then not without triumph my task is done.

THE RAMBLER'S SCHOOL.

OfT 'tis thought that those who stray,
Bird-like on a summer's day,
Are but idle, silly drones,
Whom no wise school ever owns.
But in truth, poor rambles find
Lessons for their heart and mind,
In the woods, and in the fields,
In the scent each flower yields,
In the vale, and on the hill,
Which a purpose can fulfil.
So stare not to hear me tell
Things that suit a scholar well.

We begin from what we've heard
Elsewhere—some good, gracious word;
Still you'll find it will agree
With things in the fields we see.
Thus I'd ope the Zephyr school,
Led by no pedantic rule,
Breathing wisdom like the air,
Teaching what is bright and fair.
Sages deep, like children free,
Find a true philosophy

In what seems to some like play,
Suited for a holiday.
For, in sooth, they're both of kin,
Heeding only truth to win.
Fill'd with joy, the air around
Yields what elsewhere is not found
With half the same facility,
If at least you feel like me.
Thus prepared, for aid I'll call
On one who can instruct us all.

Sing, O Muse, a sage of France,
Whom true wisdom did advance,
Foremost to be ever there,
And the palm of science bear.
He a pupil to his mind
Found, to beauty never blind—
Beauty rising from a law
Which could his attention draw.
So together there they sat,
Teaching, hearing this and that,
Till the sage would wholly stop,
Letting mathematics drop ;
Interrupting lessons high,
Raising then a thoughtful eye.
By Urania's self inspired,
Showing what must be admired,
Though disdaining all effect,
Attitudes he'd not affect ;

But absorb'd in study, all
Words like these he would let fall,
While his hands his head compress'd,
Careless how he thoughts express'd.
Pupil mine, how God is good,
When His works are understood !
Oh, how good and great is He,
What vast depths of mystery !

Thus this sage would often cry,
His disciple wond'ring by;
Bursts of rapture, past control,
Follow'd glances at the whole.
Therefore might a youthful mind
In them great instruction find.
Those, like him, who can survey
Glories of that lofty way,
Few are always, when compared
With the crowd that never dared
Rise to view the mighty plan,
And its depths to sound and scan;
But to mark with curious eyes
Small things that create surprise,
Is reserved for those like me,
Who can only near things see.
Often as we gaily stroll,
Thoughts seem to reveal the whole
Of that goodness which the sage
Read upon Creation's page.

Let us then, observing, stray,
Pick up small things on our way,
Which, I think, suffice to prove
That our passion should be love.
Yes, of love feel no mistrust,
All but love is death and dust ;
Love of creatures, still the same,
Merits praise and not our blame ;
If we love not those we see,
How love truly God can we ?
Let our passion then be love,
All exceptions proud above.
This remark'd, we can proceed
Over downs and dales to speed.
Here is no dark study hot,
But a bright and verdant spot ;
So expect a childish song,
That to rambles can belong.
Gravity must come not near ;
Skill would only cause our fear.
Come on, friends, for you I sing,
Critics, fly ! reserve your sting.
Merry we have vow'd to stray ;
Mirth shall reign this livelong day ;
And mirth no argument need fear,
Such as you will meet with here.
Not for us a dark, dull room,
But the heather and the broom.
Let old roots our table be ;
Sods the bench for you and me.

If at times we needs must write,
Gravel near our feet is bright,
Yielding surface for our cane,
Which, of course, can make things plain.
Schools thus in the open air
Mind and body both repair.
Nathless, we shall not be long,
List then to our rambler's song.
Glances only,—then away !
No one point will find us stay.

Insects first might wonder draw,
If you their proceedings saw ;
Birds alone would justify
Raptures like the sage's cry ;
Animals that graze around,
Brooklets in which fish abound,
Dogs, those comrades ever dear,
Can God's goodness make appear ;
For they sympathize with man
Of what's seen within the span.
I mean outside writing clear,
Which on life's roll will appear,
While within, unseen, it bears
Writings of intenser cares,—
Lamentation, mourning, woe,
Such the words that text will show.
Now we believe that in the air
There are beings far more fair

Than any seen on mortal strand,
Which our senses can command.
And I think that they will feel
For some griefs we don't reveal.
Dogs, you see, lament and mourn ;
Horses grieve, from masters torn ;
If in creatures lower thus
Pity can be felt for us,
We may deem of beings higher,
Griefs unseen may them inspire
To commiserate our hearts
When our joy in life departs.
Briefly, goodness can be read
Round, beneath, and overhead—
Chequer'd, if you will, but love
Evidently reigns above.
Study, then, these creatures all,
And your grateful tears let fall ;
Pierce with them beneath the soil,
Mark in shrubs their curious toil,
Watch their habits every day,
See our canine schoolmate play,
Then with Ampère be your cry,
God is good and ever nigh.
Mark the flowers, how they grow,
God perfumes and paints them so !
See the wild weeds how they bend,
Art a life on them might spend !
Watch the tints that deck the sky,
Peerless to the human eye !

Judge, then, how the finest taste
Must to God Himself be traced.
Proving thus, what union near
Will with Him in us appear.
Beauty loved becomes a bond,
Leading higher, far beyond
Nets, that sometimes only bind
Energies of heart and mind.
Beauty teaches us to love
That true artist there above !
Greatness caused the sage delight ;
We are moved by beauty bright ;
Both have equal cause to find
What suits best each thoughtful mind.

Now let studies change to man.
Weigh that marvel if you can ;
All the structure of his frame,
Atheists to clothe with shame,
All the wonders of his mind,
Greater still, as sages find ;
Mind being created so,
That essentials it must know,
Save in the defective few,
Who supply the godless crew.
Study, weigh his simple heart,
Still his highest, noblest part ;
All the proofs in him you see,
He was Godlike meant to be.

And again, admiring raise
Heart and eyes to God with praise.
Then, if we could only view
Proof so multiplied for you,
Of the great Creator's will
All things gracious to fulfil,
On the ground and in the sky,
In the low and in the high,
With some Miller for our guide,
Self-taught on Creation's side ;
With some Buffon, who can tell,
Knowing birds, their manners well ;
With a Vincent, poor man's friend,
Study on his ways to spend ;
With Astronomers to find
Acts of the Creator's mind ;
By inductive wisdom taught,
Truth to find what faith had thought ;—
Then, indeed, we might essay
Somewhat in great Ampère's way
Cries extorted by a view
Of what these observers knew.

Still from false humility
Rambler's ever should be free ;
Praise from them is no less meet,
Watching small things at their feet,
Loud whose voice is to rehearse
Beauties of the Universe,

Goodness, greatness, still so near,
Chasing all our thoughts of fear ;
Science may the rest explore,
But we feel contented more,
Noticing effects like these, !
Which astonish while they please.
So like Ampère, let us pause
As each proof attention draws
To the goodness spread around,
And the greatness with it found,—
Buds of trees, or honeycomb,
Nest of bird, or insect's home—
Stop short ; let the object fall ;
Cry how God works still in all !
Though we see so small a part,
'Tis enough to touch our heart,
Even though the rest appears
Fraught with food for mystic fears.
Yes, break off, whate'er be nigh,
Raise your heart to God on high ;
Let things pass, or fall, or fade,
Think of Him by whom they're made,
And thus simply let us sing
Praise of the Eternal King.

“ Oh, how God is great and good,
When His works are understood !
When they scrutiny defy,
Tears of rapture fill the eye ;

For we feel assured, and know
All the rest is even so ;
Infinitely good and well,
Angels only all can tell."

Would that music here might burst,
Causing, as Rossini durst,
Countless echoes to prolong
Raptures of their glorious song,
With a sweetly warbled voice,
Calling on us to rejoice !
Zingarelli, or Mozart,
Now should sing to raise the heart.
But since birds alone are here,
And no other songsters near,
Let us list them from their nest,
And suppose or dream the rest.

Henceforth other schools may fall,
Granted here degrees to all ;
Here a priceless treasure's found,
All the rest an empty sound ;
Here amidst the foliage green,
Blossoms flowers twined between,
Known to children on the way
As through woods they humbly stray,
Hidden only to the proud,
Blinded in their pierceless shroud ;
Stays for us deep wisdom's nest,
Here, through life, the Rambler's rest.

MARCELLA.

THE breath of morning seems to fan the will
To dare great things, achieve adventures high ;
It calls the weakest grandeur to fulfil,
To hide their anguish, and suppress the sigh ;
So me refresh'd, whose thoughts now widely range,
It lures to sing an instance solemn, strange.

He's gone! my brother, noble, precious, fond ;
No eye shall henceforth see me shed a tear ;
With time no longer have I now a bond,
And after all eternity is near ;
Two brothers, thus in youth's sweet flower dead,
Have whisper'd what new garland suits my head.

So look'd, for no word audible she spake,
A maiden tall, fair sister of the twain,
Who silent, as it is when hearts will break,
Sat lost in thought too vaguely to complain.
Those who saw her sorrow stood appall'd,
And her in vain by name they gently call'd.

Marcella, what avails this silent grief?

Nay, speak! art thou alone involved in woe?
Have then no others cause to seek relief?

Beware, lest madness from this sorrow grow!
Oh, let us hear thy voice, or see thy tears ;
This dumb, dry anguish conjures up such fears.

Art changed to stone, that thus thou wilt remain
Deaf to our cries, and heedless of our lot?
Oh, breathe some answer to assuage our pain;
Are father, mother, sister, all forgot?
Didst think immortal those two brothers fair,
That thus, as witless, thou wilt now despair?

'Tis well to grieve, we blame not thy poor heart;
No sweeter youth and child drew ever breath;
But all need courage, well to play their part;
The noblest, purest, must inherit Death!
Continue not then mute, nor look aghast;
Remember life for all is passing fast.

Let sorrow have its due appointed course;
Bewail and mourn as well we know you may;
But you, who have such multiplied resource,
Must suffer soon these clouds to pass away.
Let music, classic learning, holy truth,
Again shed lustre on your hopeful youth.

You must remember how you loved the field,
How horses were your passion as you flew,
How ancient letters high content could yield,
What diverse tongues you studied well and knew.
Cornara, Laura, Beatrix, you seem'd;
You cannot tell us now we only dream'd!

'Twas silence still ; no lip, no eye was moved ;
That pale high front denoted calm repose ;
No word of others censured or approved ;
A solemn secret mystic peace bestows ;
But each thing in this life will grow and fall,
And so, ere long, we understood it all.

Down low upon her knees the maiden falls,
"Father, mother, lo ! my choice is made ;
This life on earth, it wearies me and palls ;
For pleasure, glory, count me as a shade ;
'Tis elsewhere only I can quench my thirst,
And feel I live as when thy child at first.

"Lo ! yonder is a cloister's solemn pale,—
We used to pass it in our happy days,—
Oh, suffer now entreaties to prevail,
'Tis there for me, that my Affianced stays.
For me is now reserved no mortal love ;
For Him I live, who reigneth there above."

But stay, Marcella, for an instant stay,
Oh, hear some guide experienced, who can tell
What thou perhaps hast never heard them say,
And then pronounce if thou decidest well.
Then be it so. But grace is not eschew'd ;
She went—she heard—and there remain'd subdued.

Irrevocably gone! forgotten fast!

From her the friends she loved pursued their way,
Through many sorrows now they all have pass'd,

The wonted tributes that we mortals pay.
For those who seem to boast the brightest bower,
Have only joys that last but for an hour.

So years roll'd on, till ancient love, recall'd,

Impell'd them, one by one, to seek her cell,
To pity her whom they thought so enthrall'd,

To note her looks, and mark her answers well.
Though, vex'd of late, they could not but confess,
That grief would hide beneath the world's bright
dress.

Oh, change! surpassing all our former fears;

Oh, vision to denote a living death!

'Tis she! oh yes, 'tis she, who now appears;

We stand in silence, with suspended breath;
But life is full of strange, transformed things,
And creeping worms can oft acquire wings.

In those dull weeds the well-known face appear'd,

Already grown familiar to the change,
But what to some now made it more endear'd,

Unwilling, made them feel a yearning strange,
Was a sweet innocent and plaintive look,
Her mother's likeness, which no eye mistook.

With placid smiles recalling those of yore,
With accents gentle, more like music's sound,
In mould corporeal now we see her soar,
For us alone approaching to the ground;
Though still, twice veil'd, reluctant to be seen,
She calls up earthly clouds to intervene.

To hide the height she'd soar, supernal, grand,
She skims the surface with a lowly breast,
As if no wings aloft she could expand,
As if in rushes low she built her nest;
So, weak, dull leaves within the room are strewn,
The scorn of all who taste or wisdom own.

What knows she of the world now, or its ways?
Whom sees she of her former gifted friends?
For her alone this rapid time delays,
For her alone, attention, friendship ends;
All lost to time! and yet her lips are fair,
As when the Muses sought no sweeter air.

But rise she must, to regions calm and pure,
Through no vague sadness, or poetic shade.
Eternal joys the present will secure;
The gloom, alone for spirits lost is made;
So cheerful, busy, with a common mind,
Now her almost like one of us you find.

Serene, majestic is her mission high,
Though tears to such a sacrifice are due ;
We mortals wonder, while constrain'd to sigh,
How such unearthly plumage ever grew ;
But then to leave a mother, count that sum ;—
“Peace !” cries a voice above, and I was dumb.

Ah ! judge her gently, as the poet said,
She loved so deeply, and obey'd so well
The sacred order, “Buried be the dead,
And by the dead,” her mother all would tell ;
And she, whose mother was a seraph here,
Took all in earnest, without guile or fear.

She look'd upon us ; and though calm, appear'd
Glad to behold and hear us thus alone ;
It was as if she nothing hoped or fear'd,
So unimpassion'd was her constant tone ;
But yet her lips with empty trifles play,
As if to prove she knew a younger day.

She speaks of old affection, and of love
More deep than common life can ever know,
Serene, angelic, somewhat far above
The fragile blossoms that on earth will blow ;
Conviction dwells upon her guileless tongue ;
We think of love more pure than can be sung.

Oh, yes! beyond the skies must surely dwell
More fondness than can animate our breast
While yet below; we know, alas! too well,
That human love affords no lasting rest
Unto the mind and spirit searching ever,
To one exclusive, fix'd part constant never.

Oh, yes! in fields Elysian bright and fair,
A love intense with happiness complete
Exists, and often from that perfect air
Descends to hearts like these our flesh to greet,
Astonish'd at the words divinely fond,
Which lure on to heaven those who most despond.

She speaks again of what the spirit soils,
Of all the follies of the reckless way,
Which, follow'd madly, soon or later spoils
The brightest radiance of an early day.
There can be holiness in passion; true!
But far more often this is what we rue.

She speaks of those entangled in the net
Which Fashion spreads to catch the silly, vain,
Who life and all its highest joys forget,
Too void of spirit even to complain,
Too weak to burst the meshes which obscure
The beauteous colours that did once endure.

“Infection of the great,” she cries with scorn,
 “How that does spread like a low stagnant air!
Infection of their apes, though lowly born,
 Which taints and withers what was bright and fair!
Whose affectation stupid and most vile,
Can even children with its spell beguile.

“And then the harden’d cruelty that grows
 When such display is made this brief life’s aim,
The stare that never changes at the woes
 Of poor men famish’d, and the want of shame
As witless pleasure flits, through fashion whirl’d,
The very by-word of the worshipp’d world.”

We say this lofty rule is not design’d
 For those who must life’s common burdens bear,
On no Procrustean bed should mortals bind
 The varied crowd that needs must bustle there.
She bows assent; but says you won’t refuse
To leave those free who will the counsels choose.

“We heard,” she says, “that honour graces truth,
 That high and noble thoughts should wing the
 soul,
This part we learn’d in our early youth;
 But soon I found a contradiction whole,
In that society of which you boast,
Which fails in honour when it triumphs most.

"We heard that faith, in ages long gone by,
Made life for many innocence and joy;
Alas! how soon I mark'd the plaintive sigh
Of those who loved such pictures to employ,
When moral revolutions bore all down,
While politicians only mourn'd a crown.

"There are who keep the ancient, noble way;
But who is sure he can resist the tide?
I know," she adds, "how quickly those may stray
Who float, committed to the world so wide;
Then pardon weakness, knowing what prevail'd;
She says, I knew it, and my courage fail'd."

She speaks of peace domestic, constant, true,
Ah, yes! that life adorable is well;
But then—oh, then—what griefs will oft ensue,
What tales have you, my critic, now to tell!
When Death and Sorrow dwell within your door,
And earthly bliss attends on you no more.

She speaks of genius, learning deep and vast,
The thoughtful comments on the classic page;
You find for her these pleasures are not past,
She loves them still, as in her youth's first stage;
But time is wanting elements to teach,
She must not rise beyond mere childhood's reach.

And yet she thinks of Virgil, Livy, Scott,
Her feet have trod the slopes, the Muses' Hill,
Her early haunts are not yet quite forgot,
But she has other duties to fulfil;
Heroswitha would now suspected be,
We live in times of proud monotony.

But here, methought, some slight fatigue appear'd
Upon her anxious, meditative brow;
Was it this human babble that she fear'd,
That made her look so rapt, inspirèd now?
While changing all abruptly, theme and voice,
Her eyes fresh kindled, seeming to rejoice,

She says, "Remember Pagans, what they thought;
And let us not to their blind ways return,
Forgetting the great change that has been wrought,
With which inflamed the hearts of all should burn;
For those who now will play with things of night,
Must follow still a path imbathed in light.

"You may remember Nepos, how he ends
His praise of Cimon, as to check your breath;
'For him, he cries, who time thus nobly spends,
How safe is life, and oh, how bitter death!'
Is this the view of virtue that remains?
Would'st thou for this embrace majestic pains?"

⁵ "Sic se gerendo, minime est mirandum, si et vita ejus
fuit segura, et mors acerba."

"Let's fly; let's mount," her looks now seem'd to
cry,

"Depart, ye echoes of poor regions low;
Behold! look upwards! pierce beyond the sky,
And then you'll find what Faith can here bestow.
Each gift a gem, pellucid with bright hues,
Transcending all that earth with rapture views.

"You see me happy. What would you have more?
Suppose the thought of all men to be vain,
You still must grant, what ere you thought before,
That you for me at least should not complain;
While those who seek their pleasures with the
crowd
Are often heard to rave and wail aloud.

"For look you now; can that content a heart,
Both vast and warm, when it must confide
In one who plays that purely selfish part,
Which no one instinct-led can e'er abide;
Some betting *gourmand*, *deep card*, as they say,
Who, right or wrong, will always have his way?

"Oh, stranger sad, what tales could you unfold,
Of those in early youth whom once you knew?
May here your secret tragedy be told?
May all its woes be now disclosed to view?
"The poison cup for me," she would have cried,
"Yes, ere I knew him, would that I had died!"

“ You, think because some epoch has been worse,
That we should only now perfection see,
Of which in sooth you deem this age the nurse,
As men of highest rank will all agree.
I wish that others did but wrong our day,
And from exceptions represent its way.

“ Exceptions, yes, of course, you freely own,
These do exist to prompt a hasty sigh;
But frowns denote you still condemn the tone
Of those who your progressive good deny.
Well, ask what often now become the rest;
Let those reply who will have known them best.

“ Yet Nature is not changed, though social ways
In some vain files will make her seem perverse;
With common mortals she, still noble, stays,
And shows herself in all things the reverse;
But pride has bars that no one can defy;
So some there are who can but leave and die.

“ Fair youthful type, that love so fervent, pure,
The heart so gentle which high honour reaps,
Is that what now you think will aye endure?
Yes, beauty, loving, trusting, never weeps!
Let some but whisper what for them survives,
Who once had hoped to prove such happy wives.

“A husband, to be loved, must be a man ;
And point out such a noble being high,
Say, is it each day now that any can,
A whole wide heart to fill and satisfy?
Men, it is said, grow rarer every day,
That type of grandeur fades so fast away.

“A character will now a phoenix seem,
But heartless bravos, spiritless and base,
Will scarcely realize a woman's dream,
From her great soul her visions high to chase.
A sophist, gambler, mean to duldest eye,
Is he a man? I ask ; O fie ! O fie !

“Show her Athenian grace, the mind of Rome!
With Christian simply stamp'd upon them all ;
Ay! there perhaps you find a woman's home,
And at its feet the fiercest pride will fall.
But point at a mere slave of wealth and sense,
She burns with shame, and flies from vile pretence.

“I spoke of humble life, as if its ways
Would always innocence itself protect ;
But woman's eye in that too oft surveys
What, young and artless, she did not expect.
Some boasting coward, harden'd to the sigh
Of her who, helpless, from his face must fly.

“Then state my case, and let the whole be known

To those who mix with others ; soon or late,
That I am happy, is what they will own ;

But ask not worldly dames who keep up state,
Go ask young friends, God knows who they may be,
But if they're women, they'll agree with me.

“Yes, pleasures, joys of sense, what do they leave,

When, life advancing, you recall the past ?

What rueful garlands do your poets weave,

Lamenting things that do not, cannot last !

With sighing sent in twilight shades to mourn,

With nothing left, their vacant bosoms torn.

“Are we less happy thus in meek-eyed peace,

So drifting smoothly on the charmèd wave,

Towards seats of joy where all our sorrows cease,

While here is nought but what must bless and
save,

A true and enlighten'd world in its span,

Anticipating good that's meant for man ?

“With friends surrounded, truthful, constant, dear,

Each day some object for our harmless hours,

With God and happy souls for ever near,

While walking fearless as in Eden's bowers;

How many beauties in the humble crowd

Would pant for these, though in this sombre shroud.

“Then love of nature, with its groves and fields,
Is not rejected or dishonour'd here;
This vast enclosure sylvan beauty yields,
With all the sweet charms that to you are dear.
'Tis you should envy us our birds and flowers,
Our verdant lawns, and true Elysian bowers.

“Nor think it strange that I the birds should cite,
Who here a life most happy with us find;
Their presence is a source of true delight,
No war reigns here between them and mankind;
Of nature's peace we have here daily proof,
In birds who feed and sport beneath our roof.

“Each enters freely, a familiar friend,
Our pupils scarcely notice them within;
Of strangers the surprise seems not to end,
To see a peace as if there were no sin,
God's blessed peace, to creatures thus restored,
A gift to be by all alike adored.

“As when sweet music sounds, the face of youth,
Its laughter check'd, appears to grow more fair,
With noble thoughtfulness allied to truth,
Assuming a poetic, pensive air,
So those who heard this pleading, gentle, kind,
I thought look'd somehow changed, and more
refined.”

A sigh escapes the vainest of the vain ;
The bell gives notice of time's rapid flight,
And her no soothing accents can detain ;
Autumnal dusk soon passes into night ;
But still, as if reserved to crown the whole,
She spake again; and then was heard a soul.

“ Oh, learn now to Heaven to direct thy way,
For there's the term to which all wishes tend,
Think of the bliss of that eternal day,
The *summum bonum*, man's grand final end.
And mark, just mark, before you leave me here,
How even now this glory can appear.

“ You all have witness'd, on last Tuesday's night,
With awe, the promised marvels of the sky,
Of flaming bodies the incessant flight,
Of vivid splendours till the dawn was nigh,
From east to west those brilliant strangers flew,
But whence or whither, there was no man knew.

“ A silver chord across the mighty dome
Some drew, while others sparkled into life,
A short, brief way appointed them to roam,
Or died at once, unequal to the strife;
While now and then, dim things that glory shrouds
Did pass like ghosts of brilliant-lighted clouds.

“Then, what was strangest, silence most profound,
So solemn, unaccountable to all,
Accompanied that dance of stars around,
And did the wrapt beholders more appal,
Who thought how distant must those wonders be,
Which are not heard by those who all can see.

“Strange wing’d and silent wanderers, you said⁶,
They seem’d bright creatures speeding to a goal,
Or silver birds that soar’d above your head,
Or Angels, Archangels, on glorious roll
Of summons call’d to God’s dread rendezvous,
As if to judge the world, yes, me and you.

“You fear your fancy; but if for no end
These unknown starlets flew and pass’d to death,
If purposeless this vital force they spend,
The marvel, greater, seems to check your breath.
Between the heavens and earth these all exist;
Then what the heavens are; now list, oh list!

“God all in all, the Empyrean’s sight,
No death, no danger, and no evil more!
In God true love, and from love boundless light,
Heaven’s own blessed and eternal store!
To place you there, our ransoms He did pay.
Depart; and thence in mind no longer stray.”

⁶ This description is from a public journal, of November 15, 1866.

Swift from the dusky hall she pass'd within ;
Through silent portals her poor guests withdrew,
The world now seem'd to them bereft of din,
A mystic light had changed their former view,
Of things they called realities before,
Which to beguile them had now no power more.

LOVE'S SHORTCOMINGS.

To morning skies what hues belong !
But these are fading fast ;
Now all to facts adheres our song,
To analyze the past.

Ideas pure did first arise ;
Infinity seem'd here ;
But soon we found our state denies
What glorious did appear.

There's nothing within reach of man,
But limited he feels ;
E'en art has but a narrow span,
When genius it reveals.

It must not gaze from side to side,
Distinguish things around ;
On one point fix'd it must abide,
Where one great int'rest's found.

Exclusive art must ever be,
To please the eye though clear ;
At once but one small mite we see ;
The rest must disappear.

And with our mind it is the same,
Each thought that enters best,
Must pass alone, incur the blame
Of keeping out the rest.

One problem only can it dare
Each time to state and solve ;
Concentrated its power there,
Nought else it can revolve.

From truth to truth it cannot skim ;
If once it drop the thread,
Through seas of figures it will swim,
A wearied, drowsy head.

Now to this law our hearts must bow,
To love but one alone,
No wand'ring from their stedfast vow,
To truant fancies prone.

Yet love cannot exclusive be ;
Its range no limits holds ;
Beyond the sea's immensity,
It braves all finite moulds.

In sand-pits who can oceans hold,
Or Love in one poor heart?
Some waves from both can there be roll'd,
But oh ! how small a part !

The child may scoop, the lover talk,
The vast expanse remains,
The same all fondest hopes to baulk,
The same for all the pains.

The heart of man but finite, small,
Can love intensely, sigh,
May think its loves can enter all,
With each sweet presence nigh.

But hearts, like children's work, remain,
Their space so tiny small;
Such tides as these they can't contain,
One wave will fill them all.

You loved, suppose, the holy, mild,
The just and tender soul,
An angel's glance, in heart a child,—
No words could paint the whole

Of one that show'd Faith's purest flame,
Consorting with the sky,
Yet never knowing how to blame,
But only how to sigh.

You loved, we'll say, the fairy fond,
Ideal though in sight,
Near whom no mortal could despond,
Receiving radiance bright.

So sprightly with such wildness gay,
So arch and passing fair;
By each word she would sing or say,
Creating Eden there.

Yet timid, like a bird on grass,
So quick to rise and fly,
When scared by shadows that would pass ;
While young, resign'd to die.

You loved, perhaps, the fearless, frank,
Unskill'd to fawn, and soothe,
Who scorn'd mere words, and pride and rank,
And sought not to be smooth ;

The features noble, temper quick,
The hasty, guileless heart ;
The manners that disdain'd the trick
Which falsehood would impart.

Proportion'd like a statue fair,
In mind and person strong,
Though passions flash'd a moment there,
When aught would work her wrong.

Incapable of least disguise,
Of int'rest careless still,
While seeking as a playful prize,
That each should list her will.

And yet with all this outward force,
Affectionate and deep,
Esteeming coldness no resource,
But strangely prompt to weep.

'Tis womanhood in person there,
No cant, no maudlin sigh ;
Your rhetoric you now may spare,
For justice she would die.

You loved, let's own, the timid, fair,
The truthful, artless mind,
Of passion's wiles for ever bare,
But gentle, soft, and kind ;

Recoiling from the base or rough,
With an instinctive dread,
And thinking right was still enough,
Whate'er of her is said.

A nature, adverse to her lot,
Her tastes all of the fold,
No wonder that she heeded not
The things she ne'er was told.

By birth alone to wand'ring left,
Attach'd with secret ties
To truths of which she is bereft,
But which she ne'er denies.

Calm, silent, tranquil, and unmoved,
With whom is always rest,
A sense which ne'er can be reproved,
That quietness is best.

An innocence of look, which may
Move pity when you know
How ruffian cowards ever say,
They'll change such joy to woe.

A peace which can your troubles cheer,
No inward comfort mar,
To please by all things when she's near,
By mem'ry when she's far.

To hearts thus bathed in waves of love,
Enchantment it must be,
As straying onwards still they move,
By that eternal sea.

Such waves transparent, pure, and bright,
From Love's exhaustless source,
Have pass'd successive to your sight,
As wafted in their course.

But the great bed of all remain'd,
An ocean far and deep;
Each pass'd, and still its path maintain'd,
And left you there to weep.

Admire thus all in mind you may,
With joy, or with a sigh;
But each time one is found to stay,
The rest must all roll by.

And yet the rest ne'er cease to be,
Deserving fondest love,
But so it is mysteriously,—
We are not as above,

Where such division must be gone,
No thoughts exclusive more,
But all are loved, as once was one,
Esteem'd a countless store.

And yet, while such must be our part,
Mere playing here below,
We held within our tiny heart,
What measureless might grow.

For drawing from that same great source,
A pool one instant found,
Heaven may waft it back with force,
To its own depth profound.

And if for moments we can see
Some drops in us so pure,
Hereafter boundless we may be,
With loves that will endure.

Soft hollows, sand-pits, shallow, small,
We had no more to show,
Receiving waves of love from all,
Though one would overflow.

So let us hail that coming tide,
Which covers what is seen;
All loves in one great compass wide,
To hold with nought between.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF

JANE, VICOMTESSE DE LA BOURDONNAYE.

OH, that I had a heart to fly,—
D'Esgrigny absent, ever nigh,—
To sing the transports pure,
Of her who just has left your side,
To roam henceforth through time and tide,
With one so constant, sure.

But sinking prostrate on the ground,
With life a dream, a riddle found,
At least for some like me,
In vain you ask thus now to soar,
One whom bright hopes can never more
Acclimatize to thee.

And yet 'midst sorrow's bitter tears
Some good for mortals oft appears,
Like starry flowers sweet,
"Forget-me-nots," near rivers' brink,
That crystal waves so often drink,
Which bathe their slender feet.

Besides, 'tis well 'midst triumph high,
To catch at times the plaintive sigh
Reminding us, as when
A captive slave was placed behind
The victor's car, to call to mind
That all alike are men.

Pure innocence, where can we see
That insulated mystery,
More glorious than from ground
Inundated, a wide, lost bed,
From turbid waters round it spread,
When faults their end have found?

The bending flowers raise their head,
As soon as one bright beam is shed,
Reminding them of days
When gaily happy once they grew,
Before the devastation flew,
To flood once blooming ways.

Then let me sing of joys like thine,
So holy, lasting, not like mine,
Which even here below
Can prove that order is the best,
To grant all mortal spirits rest,
And certain bliss bestow.

O Jane, thou maiden tender, fair,
To whom so oft we did repair,
In mind to witness drawn
All that is gracious, great, and kind,
In thee which we were sure to find,
Pure blushing as the dawn.

A wife become, what must await
All those who view thy happy state,
But an example high,
To show how noble virtue yields
A foretaste of those blissful fields
Where transports never die?

For thee may life serenely flow,
Increasing joys around thee grow,
That thou may'st ever be
Harmonious with the orbs above,
Like some sweet legend that we love,
A tender mystery.

You stoop to pluck from humid clay,
What lies across the flooded way,
Some flower pale and sweet,
Then suffer me to offer now,
This poor wash'd pledge of friendship's vow,
As wild bloom at your feet.

OLD THOUGHTS AND WAYS.

IN those grand ages when one faith prevail'd,
Whatever errors man's weak mind assail'd,
Unnumbered fancies floated in its train,
To charm their leisure and their joys sustain,—
Not such as sophists now, as once of yore,
On a bewilder'd public ceaseless pour,
Like Fronton, eulogizing smoke and dust,
And proving negligence a thing to trust,—
Not such as Roman emperors befriended,
When all opinions they would have defended;
So founding chairs of all philosophy,
Excepting only Christianity;

Professors naming, paying too right well ;
Who to harangue for sects should rush pell-mell
As Stoics, Platonists, and also those
Who still to follow Epicurus chose,
Discrediting and combating each other,
With clouds of loud invective each to smother,—
But fancies, such as ever will belong
To common life, when freed from mental wrong,
That common life of all the human race,
In which our Maker's will and hand you trace,
Which just Aurelius would still ponder on,—
Union and love, the whole *κοινωνικόν* :
Fancies that pass with harmony of sound,
With twinkling feet that scarcely touch the ground,
With songs, and music, and the sprightly dance,
That hover, soar, and glitter, and advance,—
Such as the Greeks so loved, with genius high,
Unlike the Romans that would them decry,
Esteeming vice, what poets, heroes, taught,
The wisest, with Epaminondas, sought—
Fancies that circle, as through lustrous air,
With all that heart can image, sweet and fair,
Triumphant progress bringing joy and peace,
To men of grief at least a short release,
Received by those who knew how to rejoice,
Without one captious or dissenting voice.
Religion, trusting in her own vast span,
Permitted all that cheers and comforts man ;
Conferr'd on things that might have led astray,
A certain halo from her own bright ray,

Imparting to them somewhat of that fire
Which Nature even ever will admire ;
Which likes not gloom, with incoherent mass
Of notions, changing ever as they pass,
But feels attraction from the Christian view,
Which best suits common mortals—me and you.
We love the infinite when clear and bright,
But not the infinite when vague as night.
And so it was in England, once of old,
As on the page of Chaucer you behold ;
A sense of goodness made the best men smile,
“ Our sweet Lord God of Heaven,” was the style.
And this explains how men, the most remote
From holy ways, will yet in heart still dote
Upon that Faith, of which the fruits they see
So full of grace and sweet humanity,
As Balzac, master of descriptive art,
Whose words, like solemn truth, can move the heart,
As when he owns that infidels, whose eyes
Are open'd once a God to recognize,
Embrace Catholicism absolute,
As that alone which can their judgment suit,—
A system, view'd as such, sooth, wanting nought
To satisfy the widest range of thought.
A mind immense, he says, vast knowledge, love,
Must bring us face to face with what's above.
Who would have thought it ? he asks you or me.
Yes, face to face with the immensity
Of that vast ocean called the Roman Creed,
Which vague, deep longing in each heart will breed ;

To minds repentant ever passing sweet,
To poets yielding themes for them so meet,
To children, simple, sprightly, as their mind,
To youth, indulgent, wise, and yet still kind,
To minds unquiet, always so profound,
Whose depths no human line can ever sound,
Where curious search maintain'd can ever be,
And still the end is one grand mystery.

But here we sing alone of what is seen
In common life, while shades will intervene.
We scent the fragrance as some flowers fall,
But venture not to paint or gather all.
'Tis true two standards always were unfurl'd,
Dividing thus the oft rebellious world;
But love and graces moved where faith was found;
Revolt alone show'd horrors all around;
While some were cruel, lawless, and profane,
The rest would all that's gentle entertain;
And ignorant of this we're not left long,
Though only heark'ning to the minstrel's song.
Strange contrasts used to sound upon the lyre,
As they would sing of what they most admire.
And here I fain would catch these ancient lays,
Which bring back thoughts at least of former days,
Recall at one time visions fair and bright,
And then show phantoms to appal the sight,
As when they tell of love, and what it needs,
And then of what its absence ever breeds,—

For two conditions thus involve the whole
Of ways diverging to the human soul.
There's Hate's fell power, sometimes with its sway,
Resistless, ruling nations in its day—
The millions, each so infinitely small,
And with them even poets in their fall ;
There's Love's dominion, ever noble, grand,
As when great rivals grasp each other's hand,
The combat over—the excitement ends,
Chateaubriand and Béranger are friends.

But let us mark what Hatred had to show,
When Crime with Faith would simultaneous grow.
Then, Guillaume de Saint Gregori will own
What pleases him are wars and fights alone.
“ I like to see fair castles hemm'd around,”
He says, “ with ramparts prostrate to the ground,
Walls that glitter with tall men of arms,
And ditches spiked, effecting deadly harms.
To eat, or drink, or sleep, yields not such pleasure
As cries of ‘ Aid us ! ’ shouted without measure,
Or seeing soldiers falling in the trench,
Or from each other trying arms to wrench,
Or corpses with their sides pierced all in holes
By lances, shining with their banderoles.”
Marcabies makes a grim and hideous boast
Of what he thinks he can excel in most.
“ At fencing, first, no wrestler has been found
Who ever yet could bring me to the ground.

Where'er I like I hunt the livelong day,
And through the woods of others seek my prey ;
Of arts and tricks no end, I think, have I,
Where force is vain, I do things on the sly.
Vast talents manifold I clearly own ;
By fires kindled, can my track be known.
My little Fief is tight and right well placed,
A master's hand throughout can there be traced.
So strong, I think, the whole has long been made,
No human force can burst my palisade."
Bertrand de Born can sing more plainly still,
Repeating thus his own determined will,—
"I'll stamp out eyes, and quick deprive of sight,
Him who will dare to arrogate my right.
The praise of peace may all be very fine,
But I'll give proof that it is not my line.
War, and the fear of nothing, suiteth me,
This, my sole law, and all my chivalry.
Mondays, Tuesdays, these I count alike,
All weeks, months, years, then I must work and strike.
At all times him who hurts me I will kill ;
Though strong or many, foes shall dread my will."
One more but hear, our task will then be done,
The monk and troubadour of Montaudon ;—
"Oh," he exclaims, "the dreadful, hideous sight,
To fill the mind with horror and with fright,
If of a baron bad we saw the heart,
Down in its lowest and its fellest part !
A deathlike chill would freeze the shudd'ring frame,
The thing itself would rest without a name."

He of Romano, Eccelin the curst,
Hugues de Saint Cyr proposes as the worst,
Verona's tyrant, and that people's scourge;
And well he might that fell example urge.
"What good obtain'd he," asks that poet just,
"From all the crimes in which he placed his trust?"
I mark, with joy, his speedy, dreadful end,
The world his foe, without a single friend.
Oh, then, I ask, what use, what help, had he,
From all the acts that spread such misery?
From convents burnt, from crosses, altars, down,
From griefs domestic in that hapless town,
From ladies shrieking in the midst of smoke,
From barons hung, who dared him to provoke,
From gentle maids by cruel swordsmen slain,
From all that he wrought his power to sustain?

Thus he who long-past ages will survey,
Sees dark, wild phantoms scowling on the way;
Not such in form as now may gather round,
When drums and Prussian needle-guns will sound;
But just the same curst movement of the mind,
Rejecting all that's Christian, just, and kind.
Gayarni shows two bandits become foes,—
The one stretch'd dead beneath the other's blows.
"They have had words," is the sole quaint device,
To show what gentle manners spring from vice.
It is not now an Abel just, but Cain,
Who by a brother like himself is slain.

But mark the difference existing then,
Affecting all the thoughts and deeds of men.
These phantoms for a moment raved and pass'd,
They had no baneful influence to last ;
The sun that follow'd soon dispell'd their sway,
And glorious then again became the way.
So thus proceeding, we become aware
Of light most beauteous, like the Orient air.
'Tis Faith, that moves on her majestic road,
To whom each human virtue tribute owed.
Of these alone I'll sing, herself too fair,
And I to paint such grandeur must not dare.

To tell of all which did to Faith belong,
Would far exceed the music of a song.
Let's mark but one—'tis Love, with chivalry,
And what old poets styled their jonglerie,
This last, comprising in its radiant sway
The minor graces which can homage pay
To her who, sun-lit, sits upon her throne,
Accepting man's light virtues as her own ;
And justly, since these seldom can be found,
When she has not enrich'd and clear'd the ground.
With smiles she sees and welcomes them from far,
And, thenceforth, of her train they strictly are.
Thus, Pierre Vidal asserts a remedy
For what afflicts his age is jonglerie.
Since this profession makes men frank and gay,—
Blithe, too, and gentle as a summer's day.

Wise not to waste high knowledge on a fool
 That seeks to argue, asks no other rule,
 Or else to banter, with vain laughter rude,
 When to concede attention he is sued.
 This state denotes, he says, "a gentle mind;
 Prepared to vary, being always kind,
 To times, and place, and persons, in its view;
 Yet never sacrificing truth to you;
 Catching a smile from those who would rejoice;
 While all those who mourn hear a tender voice;
 Changing so far as each fresh age will change;
 Comprising ever, in its boundless range,
 The fair, the true, and with them all the good
 That human hearts have ever understood,
 Clothing whatever men can do or say
 With joyous beams as with unearthly ray."
 Shall I play on, and wake my simple lyre
 To sounds, methinks, that seldom hearts will tire
 The song is all a ditty of past times,
 The sense is theirs, unalter'd by the rhymes.
 Then hear Casala singing his complaint
 Of what to him appears a loathsome taint,
 Infecting the pure air that he would breathe
 From graces circling faith as with a wreath.
 "There are," he says, "who call poetic stuff
 What fine hearts love, and deem it quite enough,
 For honour's sake, to raise vast buildings tall,
 Wherewith to awe and subjugate the small,
 Loudly to speak, and often to provoke
 Their poor inferiors with unseemly joke."

"All this," he adds, "is baseness and pretence,

I scorn, abhor, and would conjure it hence.

'Tis money false, of vile, impure alloy,

Such as for no good end you can employ.

I hate the noble who is strange to love,

The lady not as gentle as the dove,

The youth not prompt to hear and render aid,

The maiden who no answer polish'd made,

Rich misers greedy, jongleurs who offend,

And boasting bravos, whose loud threats ne'er end,—

But more than all, perhaps, the case so sly

Of those who wish their titles to be high."

Our lion-hearted Richard, too, observed

How men from noble chivalry had swerved,

By heeding things that strike the vulgar gaze,

And fill the eyes of fools with high amaze.

Count Guy, he said, I can remember well,

When of your gracious fame each one would tell;

But building castles with a foolish rage

Which neither love nor honour can assuage,

Has changed your manners, and your mind withal.

So that in thee we mark a dismal fall.

Thus sang a king in those heroic days,

But such a type I think no longer stays.

Of course our age of light has never need,

And views romantic it will scarcely heed.

Though, somehow, as we catch the distant sound,

There are, who, biting lips, regard the ground.

But now there comes the chief of this true grace,
Let's hear how Love itself they deftly trace.
They paint no portrait regular of course,
But only touches here and there with force.
I like these outlines, so firm, free, and sure,
When Love is sketch'd by some sweet troubadour ;
As when De Montagnagout will exclaim,—
Love prompts to noble acts of gracious fame,
Produces virtue in its highest sense,
With gloom and chagrin ever will dispense ;
Lights up the face, and lively joy inspires,
Makes each one truly what the heart admires.
From even comic "sentences of Love"
There's no appeal at times to courts above:
So well those ages seem to understand
The noble spirit of that empire bland:
As may be seen in Martial of Auvergne,
Through whose grave follies truth you oft discern ;
As when a lady lodged her sad complaint
Against a lover for his gloomy taint,
Alleging how that he, who once was gay,
Had now grown pensive all the livelong day,
Consorting still with companies or books,
Which change had wrought in all his ways and looks;
For now he deem'd each pastime to be folly,
And nothing pleased him but dull melancholy.
The court with patience heard his sad reply,
Alleging how reflection made him sigh ;
That each step further, as through life he pass'd,
Seem'd only darker, sadder than the last ;

That in Love's service, always for one joy,
Some hundred sorrows used him to annoy ;
That the most loyal needs must be most sad,
Rejecting things which elsewhere can be had ;
That money was consider'd of more weight
Than all the virtue of a lover's state ;
That granting those who never were in love
Have always faults which nothing can remove,
Still lovers are unhappy, more than all,
Such deep afflictions often them befall ;
That while he suffer'd he saw no resource,
The malady, he said, must have its course ;
That now, to be alone was his delight,
To shun each pleasant scene, and sound, and sigh
That, henceforth, now he cared for nothing more,
Since all seem'd changed from what it was before
He wish'd he could be joyous once again,
And give no person reason to complain ;
But no one could be happy at his will,
So melancholy he needs must be still.
The lady with the court had all this heard,
But trust her, his should not be the last word ;
She would rejoinder make when he had ceased,
And urge still louder he should be released
From such a state, ill-suited to his years,
So fraught with mischief, and disgrace, and fears
The court, inclining to the lady's view,
Now sought his former spirits to renew,
Decreed, that, for a month "put out to grass,"
He should that space within a garden pass,

Imprison'd thus within a lovely bower,
To feast his eyes and scent with every flower;
Forbidding, strictly, access should be had
To any books or persons that were sad ;
Forbidding, likewise, solitude or thought,
As if the latter only could be sought
Within himself and his own fantasy,
A constant source of dull melancholy.
And then the court ordain'd that there should be
This lady fair to keep him company,
To tend upon him during that long while,
With joyous words his tedium to beguile,
To keep off books and melancholy things,
Which often clip of souls the brightest wings,
By introducing talk of money base,
Which might her service render'd all efface.
Such was the sentence formal, thus to prove
That joy and action best agree with love;
And sooth, methinks, the gloom of some now vex'd
Supplies a fitting comment on the text.

But take an instance,—hear a quaint old song,
Which shows how truly these to Love belong.
There lived, says Lanfranc Cigala, of old,
Two Knights Castilian, handsome, young, and bold,
Brothers most true, as ancient records tell,
They loved each other ever passing well.
They dwelt together in a castle fair,
That one or other always might be there.

Great barons then each other used to vex,
When wishing always somewhat to annex.
For frontiers also to be rectified,
Required other knights to be defied.
A castle rich was then a tempting prize,
And so these brothers always fear'd surprise;
And leave their own at once they never durst,
From having no one they could wholly trust ;
So this they vow'd should be their constant way,
One of the twain must stop by night and day ;
Besides, they wish'd that one should always stay
To cherish guests that wander'd on their way,
Their manners courteous, and their bounty large,
They sought their duties truly to discharge ;
With them all errant knights were sure to find
A hearty welcome, and reception kind.
Refusing none with cautious, niggard hand,
Their fame was spread and loved throughout th
land.

Yet still, what now to us seems rather hard,
'Gainst foes at all times they had to stand guard.
Their rule was needed, therefore, as I said,
There being always danger then to dread.

Within a castle old, and grim, and stern,
There may be bosoms soft, as you can learn—
For, sooth, though built for pride and war alone,
With all your skill you can't change hearts to stone—
And oft will enter, what seems out of place,
A thought about some tender, loving face:

Not such as arches had for underprop,
But soft bright things that would in no place stop.
The dungeon keep appals the passing eye,
But Love can Gothic architects defy,
When towers and bastions vanish into air,
At touch Ithuriel from the gentle fair.
Machicoulis may threaten boiling oil,
But thought, with magic soft, the whole can spoil ;
The gloomy gate, the buttress, ramparts, all,
Become the same as some poor cottage wall ;
For Nature, though you shut her from your view,
Contrives at last to penetrate to you.

It chanced that near this castle there should be
Another of two maidens, fair to see,
But three miles distant, by the English measure ;
In them, these brothers had their priceless treasure.
With neighbours such it skills not to contend,
So each had there his true and constant friend.
But this was not enough for Fortune's play,
She still must prove them in her own strange way.
And so it chanced again these dames should call
Each her own knight within their castle wall.
For evening parties even then were known
To social circles to impart a tone.
The day convenient both the fair ones name,
Not knowing that they both had fix'd the same.
Each knight resolves within himself to go,
That both were ask'd they neither of them know ;

But when each came to beg the needful leave,
The same reply then he had to receive.
"This evening, brother, it is you must stay,
While I alone pursue my evening way."
"Nay," 'tis replied, "'tis I must leave you here,
Oh, be persuaded quickly, brother dear."
In vain they try each other to convince,
Such long entreaties never have been since;
Till finding that they both would break the tether,
At length they said they would set out together;
Conferring charges strict upon the rest,
That they should watch and guard their eagle's nest.
The night was dark, with wind, and rain, and snow,
Love has its perils, as you all well know.
I need not cite poor old Terentius,
The fact so clear is known to each of us.
The knights rode forth, elate with hope and joy,
Not caring for what others would annoy;
But far they had not gone, when, hark! a sound
Steals on their ear, along the murky ground.
'Tis horses' hoofs, approaching on the road,
As if some speeding to their own abode.
They jump the hedge, to hide within the park,
And let the strangers pass them in the dark.
"God grant us lodging for this dreadful night,"
These words they heard, though no one was in sight.
"God keep the brothers then," it was replied,
"With whom no stranger ever is denied.
In nick of time we now come near the gate,
Or else we might have rued a bitter fate;

For many leagues beyond there's not a roof
'Gainst such a night as this that would be proof;
But these fair brothers noble aye remain,
Poor errant knights to save and entertain."
Hearing these words in silence they were vex'd,
Though pleased no less, and both felt sore perplex'd;
Each then implored the other back to ride,
To practise what had always been their pride.
At first each thought no words could aught avail,
But yet on one did words at last prevail;
Or rather, a spontaneous thought arose,
Such as few lovers now would e'er suppose,
To make him yield, and there forego his right,
Riding back lonely through the dreary night.
For love, he said, of my own lady fair,
I will not even now be absent there;
Through love I sacrifice my chief desire,
And love alone I feel could this inspire.
So then they parted; each his own way sped;
The case is stated, and the tale is said.
I say the case, for now you must be told
The sentence render'd by these ages old.
The poet, then, and troubadour demands
Which of the two true love best understands?
He calls a lady, Guillelma her name,
I'll give his pleading, and not her defame.
He says, and thinks it cannot be denied,
That he it was who homewards thus did ride.
No greater sign of love within the heart,
Than when it makes us play a noble part,

Despising baseness, selfishness defy,
Content to suffer, and feel proud to die,
Or on occasion trivial, as on this,
To be resign'd some cherish'd end to miss,
To suffer Love to yield its beauteous fruit,
Since of all grace to others it is root,
To prove and render visible to eyes,
There's no true love without a sacrifice.
'Tis sung ; and truly charming is the air,
So old and simple, with such quaintness rare.

But mark one trait of Love which they pourtray
In the same hasty, while effective, way.
Thus Aimeri de Beauvoir makes appeal
To her he loves, in words which this reveal,—
You will not, saith he, be unjust to me,
Objecting that I want nobility.
'Tis true I come not of an ancient race,
But Love himself to Poverty we trace.
In love affairs there is no other pride,
But all deception base to have defied,
In a heart loyal, generous, and just,
Deserving ever of implicit trust.
That rank itself can be a tyranny,
Opposed point blank to all true chivalry,
Is what sweet Bernard, he of Ventadour,
Expressly teaches as a troubadour ;
While Eléonore de Guienne best could tell
Whether this doctrine suited her as well.

Azalais de Porcairagues declares
That silliness alone to rank repairs.
He says that women should avoid the great,
If they would not degrade their peerless state,
And cites a proverb of the Velay race,
That says no good to them you ever trace.
Never, he says, need women aim so high,
Since simple graces they have always nigh ;
And, sooth, 'twas deem'd dishonourable, low,
To seek from greatness what can Love bestow ;
For grandeur such, as later times can prove,
Was not the soil congenial most to love.
It yielded rather what was Poitou's shame,
When her ninth William merited the name
Of great deceiver of all womankind,
Whom no true honour ever yet could bind.

I hate the wretch who seeks our land to free
From the great bonds supplied by just degree.
Fool I esteem him, even more than knave,
Who for this object would our senate brave ;
But here we sing of mere perversions vile,
Which lovers' hearts can injure and beguile,
When all like Jean and Jeannette have to rue,
And say that masks alone can make them true.
These troubadours the while did but admire
An end that Christian fathers would desire:
As when Tertullian scrupled not to blame
Those women who affected to feel shame

If some believer of a low degree
Sought them in marriage with true constancy.
Whereas, he says, the Pagans to be brave
Would marry slaves and their position save.
He spoke the sense of the new Christian law,
Which in such pride a fresh perversion saw;
Though, sooth, the Pagans could examples find
Of love that rose from pity in the mind:
As when, in Athens, Myrta was espoused
From mere compassion having been aroused
In one who but pitied her forlorn lot,
Which made all other questions be forgot⁷.

But now observe how Love's intensest ray
Can reign in hearts that old impressions sway.
Arnaud de Marveil seems to speak for each,
When grief at absence to the core will reach.
With Adelaide de Bézier in his view,
'Tis thus he sings, as if for me and you:—
"Oh, happy spot, that sees her presence sweet!
Oh, happy day, when we again shall meet!
Does no one wandering speed to me from there?
The poorest stranger that would now repair
To me so distant, a dear friend would seem,
His visit proving like the brightest dream.
The rudest shepherd come from thence of late
To me would seem a prince of highest state.

⁷ Quam, misericordia ductum, sibi connubio junxisse quia summa inopia laboraret.

Alas ! she absent, what is life to me ?
A dreary waste, though all the rest I see."
Words that can find an echo still in hearts,
When some loved friend beyond our reach departs.
Alas ! for those who first in summer meet,
In cold midwinter farewells are not sweet.
No more with joy to saunter through the fields,
To scent the perfume which each flower yields !
No more to glide o'er streams pellucid clear,
With every charm of love and nature near !
"For ever," seems to whisper winter's breath ;
To such adieus there's nought to add by death.

And yet no jealousy pervades this fire,
Which constant bosoms would disgust and tire.
"False lovers," cries out Rogiers, as he sings,
"Whom such a habit ever basely stings ;
Your jealous manners I detest in heart,
From you will love that's real soon depart.
You think you love ! vile, selfish, odious, race !
Of you Love's tablets never bore a trace.
Yourself you love, poor, mean, and spiteful slave,
Base passion moves you death and shame to brave.
A lover true has neither ears nor eyes
To hear or witness what his faith denies."
And deem not such deep trust a proof of folly,
'Tis wiser far than your dull melancholy.
So sang that poet of an ancient age,
And things still witness'd only prove him sage.

Take many hundred bonds spontaneous, free,
Results with what he says will still agree.
A Paynim Blackamoor may jealous show;
But broodings animal, and ending so
As Shakspeare paints, can only serve to prove
The heart they sway'd had never felt true love.
Yes, take unnumber'd cases, you'll not find,
No, not ten broken by soft womankind.
'Tis not their fault when things of love go wrong,
And this shall sound the loudest in my song.
It is a foe to women whom I cite,
Who thus proceeds with calm of them to write:
"It happens often that a woman hides
All the strong love that in her heart abides;
While he who says he loves, pretends to feel
What truth, if utter'd, never would reveal.
Whatever mixture of the bad with good
In woman's nature can be understood,
You must admit," he says with right, "that they
Are more sincere in deep affection's way,
More faithful, constant to true honour high,
More just to live, and more prepared to die*."
All this is music, neither new nor strange,
If through historic echoes you will range.
Libanius, though a Pagan, has a cry
Extorted by the fact you would deny.

* "Un Million de Pensées sur les Femmes, par un vieux Militaire."

Exclaiming, in his fine, sonorous Greek,
As if he felt himself and his but weak,
"Babai! what women do the Christians show!
I utter only what I see and know."
Why do you look surprised, suspicious still,
As if you rather wish'd to hear of ill?
Your thought of woman anxious to express,
By calling them *τὰς οὐδὲν ἰγνέας*⁹.
It is that to harangue you love and doubt,
And so you still suspect and look about.
But list a word from old keen Amyot,
And you will hear the reason it is so.
Haranguers, saith he, feel quite out of joint,
When you in three words comprehend the point.

But who are we to sing the loves of old,
To those who heed not when such things are told?
Now feminine is error, as in French,
Not as in Latin, on these judges' bench.
The wrath of Samson serves them now to tell
The fate which they perhaps deserved too well;
While they impossible all love would deem,
Unless for those whom they could not esteem.
And, sooth, when even beauties put on gloom,
For love, as wing'd with joy, there is no room.
It is not one side only shows the trace
Of growing evils which can love efface.

⁹ Aristophanes.

Some through sheer pride won't even wear its mask,
While others don it as a business task.
Nature grown cold, impoverish'd, and small,
Shows no one passion reigning over all.
It must reserve some force, not all things dare,
But study all, however love may fare.
If some sincere romantic one complains,
He's deem'd a bore, and laugh'd at for his pains.
We analyze all characters in tales,
Until no character in us prevails.
Some may still love, as those in days of yore,
But those who only sing, I fear are more.
He who sings feels not, who feels seldom sings,
Disorder reigns now in these tender things.

An ancient poet loved a lady fair,
And pardon sought from her with urgent prayer.
The fault of Richard, named De Barbesieu,
Can now be known to neither me nor you.
Enough, forgiveness was to be implored,
The whole acknowledged, and no shade ignored.
The lady said on one condition sole
She would forgive, and quite forget the whole.
There must, she said, an hundred knights be found,
An hundred ladies all in true love bound;
With true love loving, each devoted pair
Must to her presence all at once repair;
Their joining palms while they're on bended knees
Imploping pardon, the said poet frees. .

The hundred knights and ladies soon were there,
To urge with fervour the required prayer.
They came, they raised join'd palms, they lowly
knelt,

The lady's heart was then not slow to melt,
Such was the fact, exact, and verified,
With not one item that can be denied.
Five hundred years have since that time gone by;
I wonder if in this age, did we try,
Could these be found with quite an equal speed,
To help some wretch imploring in his need?
You seem surprised at such a question strange,
As if it meant all views to disarrange
Of progress, and your whole mind to perplex,
Suggesting things which only serve to vex.
You'd ask Macaulay, Bentham, Steward, Brown,
Could such a troop be had in any town?
Could such conditions be fulfill'd with ease?
Yes, ask away, of course, and whom you please.

Thus have we struck on chords some simple
strains,
A prelude merely to what still remains;
But now, indeed, as Faith approaches near,
The light too glorious, I must disappear.
'Twas well to flutter in the brilliant throng
Of minor graces that can live in song;
But here is wanted a more daring wing,
To pass still nearer while their Queen you sing.

For, sooth, when passing closely at her side,
'Tis deeds, not fancies, that she will provide.
E'en blazons ancient here with her agree,
As at Guérande, in Brittany, you see,
Where in the scutcheon on Guaisnic's shield,
With simple greatness is this truth reveal'd,—
A carved hand, arm'd, showing Faith's past track,
Having for sole device the grand word *Fac!*
Oh, 'twere a glorious prospect to behold
How Faith made *Doers* in the days of old;
Not dreaming visionists of good or ill,
But men of thought who would each right fulfil;
Of hearts expansive, ardent, tender, strong,
Disdaining ease if call'd to put down wrong.

Let others then essay this noble flight,
And soar with those who kindle at her sight;
We in our truant wanderings would try
From time to time to cast an upward eye
On her who stays the one true constant friend,
To soothe our griefs, and guard us at our end.
For left without her balmy, puissant light,
The fairest flower grows no longer bright;
No perfume breathes upon the path we tread,
The joys we prize prove spiritless and dead.
'Tis she that clothes with radiance what we see,
Enables us to taste pure youthful glee;
Though her we may not at the moment trace,
We owe all still to her benignant face;

No pleasures gleam, excepting to beguile,
 Without her gracious and immortal smile.
 For us it rests in silence to adore
 Her whom we follow without asking more,
 Who claims all love and admiration high,
 As, thus escorted, passing grandly by;
 At sight of whom the troubadour appears
 To cherish justly retrospective fears,
 To heed no longer much the former things,
 Not always wholly void of later stings——
 With Hugues De Bercie to remind his friend,
 There comes a time “when jonglerie will end.”

TIME—Noon.

SCENE—*A Church in the distance, from which rises the
 hymn for SEXT.*

SEXT.

THOU Ruler potent, God of all !
 Presiding at each change of things,—
 The dawn succeeding night's dark pall,—
 The noon with all the heat it brings :

Extinguish flames of sad dispute,
Remove what kindles noxious fire,
Vouchsafe what will our bodies suit,
And blissful peace of heart inspire.

To God the Father glory be,
And to the blessed Trinity,
The same now and eternally,
From men and from the angels free¹.

SCENE—*The Fields.*

AN AGE OF TRANSITION.

So now the day is at its height,
And things call'd real claim the light,
As if the Muse should hide;
Unwilling to be seen or found
Where business only reigns around,
With prose spread far and wide.

¹ Translated from the Roman Office.

Even in poetic haunts
There is an air which fancy daunts,
 In this proud garish hour;
So let us not feel much surprise
If shapes that we but little prize
 Should flit across our bower.

The spirit of the noontide Pan
Is not mysterious now for man;
 With one untemper'd blaze,
Mere garish sunshine puts to flight
All tender vision for the sight,
 We feel no more amaze.

'Tis hurry, occupation vain,
No sweet, high purpose to sustain,
 But all alike oppress'd ;
'Tis melancholy facts that pass
With mankind in a vulgar mass,
 Incapable of rest.

Yet still the Angelus will sound,
In some to waken thoughts profound,
 The joyous and the sad;
These sentiments will mingle then,
And make poetic, genial men
 As pensive as they're glad.

I pass'd in mind through men of yore,
Beheld their wondrous, countless store
Of gifts from Heaven's love;
I saw how many round me knelt,
Who still the same truths knew and felt
As those now raised above.

But then I pass'd 'midst others proud,
Who sneer'd and mock'd them both aloud,
And call'd them only blind;
They saw the kneeling maidens pray,
And yet from them they'd turn away,
Some other light to find.

They told me gravely that our Creed
Is now outworn; and so with speed
To seek some other guide,
Discover'd they can say not where;
Indeed they neither know nor care,
Provided it be Pride. *

Catholicism once did much *,
But Time has kill'd it with his touch;
They think it owes them thanks
For granting that it once was well;
But truths no longer it can tell,
And we must join their ranks.

* Congreve, *International Policy, Essays on the Foreign Relations of England*, 1866.

Like Juvenal, they think us low,
 A vulgar mob, yes, even so,
 As when that poet cried,
 Domitian perish'd when he grew
 A terror to that cobblers' crew,
 With Faith who madly died ³.

Ignatius! Clement! what an age ⁴!
 When men their thirst could then assuage
 By following their priest;
 Obeying Bishops their first law,
 For science caring not a straw,
 Nor yet for all its feast.

Thus shout they with concordant voice,
 On these points sole without a choice,
 On others scatter'd wide;
 Like Hannibal detesting Rome,
 O'er Europe now they herd or roam,
 To that hate only tied ⁵.

³ Domitian perished, says Juvenal, as soon as he became terrible to shoemakers; i. e., to the Christians who were poor artisans:—

“Sed perit postquam credonibus esse timendus
 Cooperat——.”

⁴ In their age, obedience to the Bishop was one of the first Christian duties, “He who acts without the Bishop and Priest, has not a pure conscience.”

⁵ Cornelius Nepos,

Hereditary foes, they swear,
Although no altar hears their prayer,
That she must cease to be.
No tongue can tell the arts they use
Their fellow-mortals to abuse,
While boasting to be free.

But Christian Rome is what they hate,
For they extol her Pagan state,
And fondly would restore.
The Cæsars are their constant boast,
And when they hope and triumph most,
The Popes are found no more.

With pomp and honours all at ease,
Through provinces, whene'er they please,
These rhetoricians pass ;
Like those Aurelius favour'd so*,
Professing that they all things know,
A true distinguish'd class.

By Governments they now will rule,
And faith itself must be their tool
To mould the common throng ;
The State becomes their only God,
Deciding all things by its nod ;
All must to it belong.

* Champagny, *Histoire des Antonins*, tom. iii. 236.

As when Caligula once heard
 From poets ' and the common herd
 The name to Nero given,
 And to Domitian no less vile,
 The sole official sanction'd style ⁸,
 That he was great as heaven ⁹.

No Pagan heart it did provoke,
 When each did government invoke,
 As God and Lord of all.
 So now this must be shouted loud
 By all the scientific crowd;
 And at its feet they fall.

Perhaps it even may be fear'd
 That Christian monarchs have appear'd
 To countenance the crime ¹;
 Religion an elixir deeming,
 Proper for amalgamating
 Drugs to make, by careful mixing,
 Great kingdoms for our time.

⁷ "Edictum Domini Deique nostri."—Martial, v. 8.

⁸ Domitian ordered that he should be officially styled, *Dominus Deusque noster*."

⁹ "Quem tibi posthabito studium est coluisse Tonante."

Stat., *Sylv.* iv. 58.

¹ Louis XVIII. selon Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre-mer*, iv.

No mention now of faith for kings,
These all are mediæval things,
Unworthy of our day.
Eutropius can our model raise,
Who never says amidst his praise
Of Constantine and all his ways,
That he to Christ would pray.

So now three hundred statues stand²,
To cause the world to understand
In what our trust is placed;
As Athens once regaled of old
Demetrius the tyrant bold,
Her freedom all effaced.

But what care some for freedom gone,
The cause of Revolution won—
One level now for each;
And yet to cure excesses so
Will not I fear sound health bestow,
Whatever you may teach.

That all are equal, as you see,
Means, all should nourish jealousy,
By which the race is won;
Fools are men of talent here,
Talent, genius must appear,
And genius is the sun.

² Cornelius Nepos.

The rights of envy thus secured,
Its fruits must now be all endured ;
'Tis bootless to complain.
For each must be the sole admired,
Or fresh reform is then required,
While one alone must reign.

When States resist, prepared to fight,
This science grasps material might,
And then, as Nepos said ³,
We see, amazed, a wondrous fire,
To make the universe admire,
Far spreading scathe and dread.

A hatred prompts their courage then
More than belongs to mortal men,
While any one can see,
With bodies less than with the mind ⁴
They fight against their kin and kind,
A hellish chivalry;

Discarding all old knightly law,
Conclusions strange they quickly draw,
By secret plans allied ;
Amongst themselves they only speak
When outraging the just and weak,
By no strict conscience tied.

³ "Mirabili flagrabant pugnandi cupidine."

⁴ "Animoque magis etiam pugnasse quam corpore."

They feel assured it would be vain
Their secret object to maintain
By honour's ancient rules ;
Rejecting them as idle stuff,
Accomplish'd facts they deem enough,
Deceits their safest tools.

And yet, in warlike engines rich,
Quite equal to their mental pitch,
No human strength they fear;
For half their science has been spent
For years new wonders to invent
To spread death far and near.

Like Amarant the giant bold,
As in our ancient ballads told,
They'd say to poor Sir Guy,
Oh, could we only poison blow
Within thy nostrils, even so,
'Tis that way thou shouldst die.

And progress now means armies vast,
From fifty thousand making fast
Four hundred thousand men.
The rich at first, of course, exempt,
Then lawyers, merchants, all are sent,
No substitutes paid then.

Great, glorious Prussia, how they owe
 More thanks than they can ere bestow,
 For such a cheering sight;
 Great doctors, men of every trade,
 Each now at once a soldier made,
 With sword and helmet bright.

Alas! their boasts do not surprise
 Their strange unnatural allies,
 Who likewise progress saw
 By cannon by which much was done⁵,
 As now they hope by needle-gun
 Fresh victories to draw.

Yet still ideas serve them well,
 As even Pagan Rome could tell⁶,
 While on they wildly sweep;
 Pantheists, with explosive force,
 All drawn from Oriental source,
 To make the angels weep.

They used to say in ancient times,
 When troubadours would chant their rhymes,
 That Beziers was renown'd,
 Because in each house, gay or sad,
 A room for some one that was mad,
 And call'd such, could be found⁷.

⁵ "Le sermon de Calvin
 Fait ronfler le canon."

⁶ "These Oriental systems assisted to dissolve the empire."
 Champagny, *Histoire des Antonins*.

⁷ Millot, *Histoire des Troubadours*, tom. ii. 5.

Progressive now, increasing speed,
 It is not one room that we need
 For wits to vagueness spun,
 All Europe now could never hold
 The spirits wild, distracted, bold,
 By which "the work" is done.

For heads unfurnish'd are to let
 To any comers who are met,
 Who for mere science pant,
 While giving and demanding ever
 Still fresh proofs all pedantic, clever,
 Of things men used to grant.

And science without grace as well
 Leads sometimes down to lowest hell,
 As Amyot declares⁸,
 If godless, ignorance, no more,
 He calls its boasted richest store,
 Disdaining all its wares.

Oh, well might Lucian in his day,
 Praise common life, the common way,
 And thus our views forestall,
 Disdain the proud pedantic herd,
 From whom whatever he had heard,
 He wish'd to vomit all⁹.

⁸ *Bréviaire d'Amyot*, clxxii.

⁹ ὡς εἶθε γε καὶ ἐξεμέσαι δυνατόν ἦν ἅπαντα ἐκεῖνα, ὅπῃσιν ἤκουσα παρ' αὐτῶν. *Hermotimus D. de Sectis*, 84.

Their doubts spring up from points of view
In some relations strictly true,
While human and minute;
But science ever needs a soul
That with a glance can see the whole,
And what its span will suit.

To true religion must be brought
That boundless, comprehensive thought,
Which genius men will call;
Let that be pray'd for on your knees,
For that more truly clearer sees,
Than closest reasoning all.

Man needs the infinite to breathe;
So either love with all its wreath
Of deeds must be his own,
Or hatred infinite will breed
In him a true congenial seed,
All restless, reckless grown.

His works too need a noble end,
Or else to evil they will bend,
As learning once grew base,
When Nero and Tiberius reign'd,
The Antonines alone remain'd,
'Midst sophists and their race¹.

¹ Champagny, *Histoire des Antonins*, tom. i. 171.

This rage to grasp all Nature's span,
And feel a deep contempt for man,
No self-denial known,
May well some wiser few now scare,
While thinking how we all shall fare
When this is fuller grown².

That concord 'twixt the rich and poor,
Which formerly we thought so sure,
Will this with us remain?
Or will these nations great and free,
The ancient fate of freedom see,
When Nepos might complain,

That Envy, Calumny, and Hate,
Must then creep into every state,
To wait on glory's crown;
That poor men never will endure
To see the rich at ease secure,
Themselves much lower down?

That secret rule, to render sweet
Your manners, whatsoe'er you meet,
Consisting in the will
To suffer quietly, and do
The thing that most offendeth you,
Can that stay with us still?

² *Saturday Review*, August, 1866.

But still ideas "*march, progress;*"
 All thought, they say, must wear this dress,
 The age demands a change ;
 So when complaints like these are made,
 They say we are but retrograde,
 A rout absurd and strange.

If in their *senates* chosen, skill'd,
 To have their notions all fulfill'd,
 A voice opposing's heard,
 They think their whole assembly's shamed,
 As when Aurelius once exclaim'd,
 This suits the Christian herd ³.

It might be thought, he said, with sneers,
 That here the Christian Church appears,
 No Temple of the Gods ⁴.
 Alas ! his phrase we can't invert
 For men who pagan thoughts pervert,
 Whose Homer ever nods.

No pagan here will seem to stand,
 Timoleon-like, profound and grand,
 Who deems of human things,
 That nought occurs in great or small,
 Without the God that worketh all
 In men, and states, and kings.

³ There being probably many Christians amongst them.

⁴ "Perinde quasi in Christianorum Ecclesia, non in templo Deorum omnium tractaretur."—Vopiscus in Aurel.

No superstitious Ovid now
To relics of those dear will bow,
 As when that poet sung,
How kisses to the vest she gave,
Like those of our old pilgrims grave,
 When tears from eyes were wrung⁵.

No dull ascetic will appear
Like some Epaminondas near,
 So modest, prudent, grave;
So loving truth, that e'en in play
No falsehood will he ever say;
 As patient as he's brave:

So clement, even chaste, forgiving,
Yes, friends against himself though sinning,
 And seeking all to aid,
With ransom for the captive low,
On poor men bounties to bestow,
 With dowry for the maid:

No blind religious member here,
Agesilaus as if near⁶
 To spare the holy Fane,
Preferring things divine to rage,
At home, abroad, the same mild sage,
 To no priest causing pain.

⁵ "Utque dedit notæ lacrymas dedit oscula vesti."—*Met.* 4.

⁶ Cornelius Nepos.

Who fears a Cimon can be found,
Where social science reigns around,
That brands the private gift?
Who fears to see that servant now,
Obeying senatorial brow,
And leaving none adrift?

So fearful lest the least delay
To strangers met with on his way
Might seem refusal stern;
Sooth, follow'd thus where'er he goes,
This Cimon like a Christian shows,
All poor men to discern;

To give interment with his means,
A husband where want intervenes,
Assistance unto all;
He passes thus through life secure,
But such men we can not endure,
To see within our Hall.

Who here a semblance now can see
With Roman laws of slavery,
In our Reform so wide?
Who now forbids to separate,
When bountiful will be the State,
The wife from husband's side'?

⁷ During the times of slavery at Rome, the family was respected in the slaves. Masters were not to separate the

The parent, child, and family,
 Must now each other seldom see,
 When England gives them alms;
 No jurists here suspect
 The goodness of our reigning sect;
 Don't guardians read the Psalms?

So thus in error all combine,
 Wherever the new light can shine,
 Extinguishing the old;
 But what is all we have survey'd,
 Though harsh, enthrall'd, and savage made,
 To what might still be told?

Jew, Calvinist, Voltaire agreed,
 The world so hates its ancient creed!
 New ages open bright;
 Protesters now, as from the first,
 Feel the stern unbeliever's thirst
 To cancel Peter's right.

wife from the husband, the father and mother from their children, the sister from the brother. Jurisprudence declared such separations opposed to piety, and cruel—"ob pietatis rationem offensæ." Ulpian 35, de *Ædil. Edicto* D. xxi. 1. Not alone the slaves, but the wives, "*uxores*," of slaves and their children, are held to be bequeathed with the land or farm, because the testator ought not to be presumed to have wished a separation so hard. Id. 12, § 7. De *Instructo Legat.* D xxxiii. 7, ap. 116 Champagny 11.

Ignoble satire, coarse and low,
Makes their religious hope to glow
 With fervour quite intense;
Unknowing, they accept the snare
Of others all too well aware
 These bonds are but pretence.

No grateful sense of service past,
Which should with time for ever last,
 Each "minister" a clown,
Unconscious of all learning's debt,
On one fix'd point their mind is set,
 To pull true greatness down.

The theme is here too grave for song,
And silence must to us belong,
 Awaiting justice high;
Let Him see to it, who can quell
The troubled ocean's angry swell;
 The brave at least can die.

"Transition state"—to what? I ask;
To answer be your present task;
 To paganism pure?
If so, it wears a new attire
The ancients would not much admire,
 And that is now made sure.

Themistocles might recognize,
Without experiencing surprise,
Our holocausts of youth;
But what content for Roman mind,
The fetters now for all mankind,
Our outrages to truth?

Yet some whom we esteem and prize,
Find nought around them to surprise,
Or cause them to despond;
They see an era coming bright,
While others fear a mystic night,
And say, with lifted wand,

“ We’re drifting to a naked shore ;
No mortal can now see much more,
Where all seems wild and bare;
A civilized with savage trace,
Creating an unheard-of race,
With clouds of darkness there.”

But courage, timid, sinking soul !
Thou canst not nations thus control,
But yet thou hast a field
Within thee, where true peace may dwell,
When angry billows rage and swell,
That bliss can ever yield.

Without, no peace is promised thee;
A sword, not peace, reserved to see,
Is what the Christ foretold.
Enough, sweet Nature at thy side,
Her loves and flowers to abide,
With faith, thou may'st behold.

Then raise a joyful melody,
With youth's triumphant harmony,
Let nations rise or fall;
If Eden be within thy breast,
Thou hast an earnest of true rest,
Thou hast thy God and all.

GEORGICON.

How human life, the human state,
Admit of treatment like the ground,
Of changes, injuries, as great
As in the hills and dales are found—
How, working with a constant aim
To alter and direct our minds,
Results precisely are the same
As in the soil the peasant finds,—
A poet better skill'd to sing
Might now, methinks, propose to show;
To try, although with feeble wing,
I mean, constrain'd to follow slow.

The Muse can feel no pure delight,
Invited o'er such tracts to fly;
For shades here gather as if night
Approach'd with menace in the sky.
Our lot is cast in doubtful times,
But nought forbids us yet to see,
Or chant with rude and simple rhymes,
What seems to threaten misery.
Be near, O spirits, gentle, mild,
To grant indulgence to a song
Composed to suit each truant child,
Found playing near the springs of wrong.

All germs of life, we first are told,
Require, nourish'd in the mould,
Supplies of moisture, heat, and air,
Without which nought will flourish there.
Excess of either would destroy
The hopes of farmers, and their joy;
But that there is a need of each,
Is what they know and what they teach.
And, as with seeds spread through the ground,
In moral life the rule is found,
Establish'd by Almighty will,
To nourish good and ward off ill.
Religion is that water's flow,
Without which nothing good can grow;
Affection is that warmth so kind,
Which yields the sweetest fruits of mind;

And liberty, that wholesome air,
Without which you have nothing fair ;
But yet, excess in each, observe,
Will cause the whole to warp and swerve
From moderation's gentle line,
Which with true goodness must entwine.

How water, with its ceaseless course,
And having its enduring source
In earth, and ocean, and the sky,
In wondrous cycles we descry,—
To show, might prove a Georgic strain,
In which Virgilian grace could reign;
But types we leave, to contemplate
What they can by a figure state.

For, rising spring-like from the heart,
Descending dew-like to each part,
And resting like an ocean bed,
'Twixt earth and heaven always spread,
Religion ever is supplied,
And ne'er to human drought denied.
In one thing only we perceive
How soon the figure might deceive;
For water may exceed in measure,
But not so faith's exhaustless treasure ;
Since this, when pure, can never be
Too full for human misery ;
Though when corrupted, bitter grown,
Its very name we then disown.

In things of earth, how man is wise,
What's good to nurture and to prize !
He drains and irrigates the ground,
To make it wholesome, fruitful, sound ;
And drainage in his skilful hands
Must not exceed ; he understands
Its purpose to promote and yield
The richest produce of the field ;
So when due moisture seems to fail,
His drains he knows will nought avail.
The soil that's volatile as dust,
Is what he knows he cannot trust ;
Mere scatter'd stones then serve his end,
Preventing fields the wet to spend ;
Evaporation lessen'd so,
Enables what is sown to grow.
Then wells he sinks to yield supply
Of water when the land is dry.
Thus China, Java, Hindostan,
Had wells like these since time began ;
In Bengal, Ceylon, Tartary,
Cyclopiian reservoirs you see.
Then where there's periodic rise
Of rivers, man with nature vies ;
Canals constructed far and wide,
Receive and spread the fruitful tide.
Submersion too he will provoke,
When level plains he seeks to soak ;
So well he knows how ground should be
Supplied with damp sufficiently.

But now within the moral soil,
How changed, alas! is all his toil!
The waters there of teeming life
Excite his pertinacious strife;
To drain them to the latest drop,
His skilful efforts never stop;
To thorough drainage then he's bound,
Till all is desolation round.
'Tis cover'd drains that there must be,
That things should work insidiously;
For what lies open to the eye,
Might startle those who pass them by.
The drains too must be deep as well,
That none their winding course may tell.
Absorbing wells too he must try,
When other means are not so nigh;
And oft works subterranean quite
He loves, as veil'd from human sight;
Though these sometimes deep roots will choak,
Their fibres seeking there to soak
In moisture, elsewhere all denied,
So drain'd from their poor thirsty side;
For men, like trees that water need,
Through strange impediments oft speed,
While searching for that vital wave
Which instinct tells them life can save.
But follow still these adepts sly,
Who their deep arts so well can ply.
At first they use but cover'd drains,
Of which no foolish man complains.

Their trenches are slow winding, small,
But by degrees they drain off all ;
Thus praising a divided state,
Variety they predicate
To be a part of Christian law,
From which they strength and wisdom draw ;
Contending sects they think to be
The sound, true Christianity.
But this at length grown tedious, stale,
Much stronger measures must prevail.
Rent by many various creeds,
Each of which still fresh doubting breeds,
At last there comes an epoch stern,
When all religion they unlearn ;
Yes, then they throw off long disguise,
Their trench lies open to all eyes ;
Then men, who all things doubt, reject,
Become the one great final sect.
So draining water drop by drop,
At last they find that none will stop.
The soil grows harden'd, wholly dry,
And then the moral life must die.
Religion being drain'd away,
Then neither must the warmth long stay ;
For here analogy will cease
Between the soils men would release.
The ground too wet, we know, is cold,
But minds, when dried, grow frozen, old ;
What waters them, preserves the glow
Which causes beauteous things to grow.

So now affection has to yield
To treatment of the moral field;
Affection with its ready tears
Is what this cultivator fears.
'Tis not enough that men are bold,
While dry, they also must be cold.
Affection natural, and love,
These mental farmers must remove.
In sooth, respect and fondness great,
Religion tend to reinstate.
In vain her waters have been drain'd,
If feeling, sentiment remain'd.
So heat must now be all diminish'd,
Or nothing in the work is finish'd.
Then genial warmth taken off,
At feeling men are taught to scoff;
High sentiment is call'd romance,
And all true love, a silly trance.
Cool and collected, men grow stern,
And quite unable to discern
The grandeur which a warm, true heart
To human life can still impart.
But still to mind remains the air,
Which corresponds with freedom fair;
And when of this men are bereft,
Sooth, nothing that yields life is left.

But how suppress this liberty
Of minds, which all are born so free?

The means employ'd are manifold,
And far more than can here be told.
'Tis certain that the source of all
True liberty, is what we call
That Catholic and holy creed,
Which freedom loved of old to breed.
No other source, eternal, sure ;
No other freedom will endure ;
Though England will deny the spring
From which she draws the precious thing.
Religion ceasing then to be,
All freedom parts mysteriously.
How facts, you cry, disprove this trash !
But here is no assertion rash.
'Twas not religion curb'd the free,
When you complain'd of slavery ;
Without it, when you felt secure,
Soon vanish'd what you thought was sure.
For other means developed then,
Reduce to slaves the race of men ;
Since, if you only foster pride,
There's no base act you cannot hide ;
And slaves in each rank and degree,
Will then opine that they are free.
For sects impose a master stern,
From whom their dupes must always learn ;
While open Infidelity
Will hate to see man truly free ;
The multitude becomes one head,
Which each must then obey and dread ;

Till some fell tyrant will subdue
The force of all that servile crew ;
Philosophy (what's falsely call'd)
With such results is not appall'd ;
Then each can only write and see
What with its notions will agree ;
In short, whole states become a slave,
While each of liberty will rave.
Freedom, that sweet and wholesome air,
Departs, and leaves but chaos there.
And do you ask what then will grow ?
Just look around, and you will know.
Poor shrivell'd, stunted, cautious things,
Mean, narrow souls, deprived of wings ;
Content to grovel in the dust,
In man their sole surviving trust.
The Muse employs them for a foil,
To show more clearly noble toil.
But all this while, no pains they spare ;
For, not content with what they dare,
They work like alchymists of yore,
And have of arts a plenteous store.
Then letters must obey their will,
And only what they like fulfil.
They burrow, fox-like, under ground,
For them true covers now abound ;
The surface seems all firm and fair,
But all is pierced and hollow there ;
'Tis thus recourse must oft be had
To works most subtle, sly, and sad,

Of which the knowledge will not fail;
Its means perverted must prevail.
Substructions then are still required,
Gigantic works, and much admired;
Negations are not deem'd enough
Old social notions to rebuff;
There must be added poison'd breath,
To spread the seeds of mental death.
So moral pipes and tunnels spread
Beneath the ground whereon we tread,
Through which a virus is convey'd,
That all known drugs will cast in shade;
So deadly is the potent spell
On those who pass, and think all well.
Through every quarter of the globe,
If only downwards you will probe,
You find this spirit mining still,
As mine henceforth it ever will;
Like Shakspeare's ghost, now here, now there,
With cries the bravest mind to scare.
And then the ground will quiver so,
That structures fall without a blow;
While jurisconsults plainly tell
The victims that e'en this is well.
Though works like these, when once conceived,
May cause them to be sore deceived.

But labours purely of the farm
Will now suggest another harm

Resulting to the moral plain,
When love of evil moves the vain;
For life's great mysteries are found
Abounding as we till the ground.
Thus plants, like souls, will oft defy
Our scientific scrutiny.
What causes various taste in wine,
Is what no grower can divine.
The source of all fertility,
Remains involved in mystery.
How products do assimilate,
Is endless matter for debate.
And what it can be in the ground,
Or in manure, that's always found
Supplying life to plants you see—
Why year with year will not agree,
Since what in one you find succeeds,
Will not content the next year's needs,
Although the soil in both's the same,
In one case yielding only shame—
So why results one year obtain'd
Should not be in the next maintain'd,—
Are questions you can answer, when
All's known about the souls of men.
Here chymistry seems quite astray,
On these points she has nought to say;
And physiologists will own
That not the least of these is known.
Quite clear just to a certain point,
Beyond it search is out of joint.

About to grasp the secret near,
The certainty will disappear.
A thousand things you may suppose,
But still the truth there's no one knows.
The farmer finds a sudden stop,
And sees the dark, thick curtain drop;
But still, within some limits stern,
He finds that there is much to learn.
He knows what acids plants will need,
On what within the soil they feed ;
That products of the ground and air,
To yield them life, must both be there ;
That crops affect the growth of weeds,
That each a special genus breeds ;
That salt will shrivel, kill a foe
Which has defied the keenest hoe ;
He knows that tillage deep is best,
To give the roots of crops due rest ;
To let the air well circulate,
And wholesome moisture percolate ;
The subsoil may be overdried,
When hard, all roots will be defied ;
To pierce below the fibres seek,
And when opposed, the plant grows weak.
In land, as in the soul of man,
Work, ay, as deep as e'er you can,
That roots like lessons may sink down,
And with success your efforts crown.
See what great symbols then abound
For him who cultivates the ground !

In fine, he knows (what's chief of things)
The rich results manuring brings.
The land, like mind, bereft of aid,
Is soon exhausted, sterile made.
Each crop, each product of the farm,
Deprives it of power, and does harm ;
Reduces its productive force,
And leaves you, for your sole resource,
Manurial elements to grant,
For which the weaken'd soil will pant.
The substances that fed the crop
Must be restored, or all will stop;
And in proportion most exact,
To know which, indicates great tact,
Manure must give back to the land,
What it has yielded at command.

Then now observe how Nature kind
Ordains the same for land and mind.
For mere farm-yard manure contains
Each element that life sustains
In plants, and in proportion just,
To which the farmer best can trust;
So natural supplies will yield
The best ingredients for the field ;
For, if one element should fail,
The best manure will not avail
To mend the soil, though with increase
Of crops, which with the year will cease,

And then exhausted, all the more
The land will your rash gifts deplore.
Nor now is even this the worst,
When thus for rapid force you thirst ;
Manures unnatural and strong
May do you unexpected wrong ;
For thus applying to the soil
Imperfect mixtures, all your toil
Not only then will not restore
All elements it lost before,
But you will add a fresh supply
Of what must cause all crops to try
To draw more largely from the ground
The things productive therein found ;
More rapid and complete will be
The loss of all fertility.
Now these things known, this wisdom spent,
We find here nothing to lament.

Nor is this all the farmer tells,
When rustic darkness he dispels :
He knows that change for land is rest,
Which all through nature is found best ;
He knows, this lesson once defied,
His own requests are soon denied.
Diseases then pervade the farm,
And clover, turnips, come to harm.
All this applies to morals well ;
And yet symbolic truths to tell

The farmer might again proceed,
And teach us lessons that we need ;
For heavy, stiff, impervious ground,
As cold, is never deem'd so sound
As light and fragile, soften'd land,
Which proves both warmer, and more bland.
The terms too even thus agreeing
With all our deep, mysterious feeling ;
For "rich " the former too is named,
And "poor " the latter, as if shamed ;
Although to crown instruction here,
And make it to our heart most dear,
The farmer owns that, treated well,
Of poor, light soil, he good must tell.
This warm and fragile, light, bright soil,
Can best repay his careful toil.
For, well manured, it most can yield
The noblest product of the field,
Yes, wheat, the very staff of man
Since agriculture first began.

But now with all this knowledge found,
Let thought fly back to other ground,
To mark how mind, the social state,
Have both been treated oft of late ;
For still there is analogy,
Which no one should refuse to see,
So perfect is resemblance here,
As soon I hope to make appear.

For, first, most surely you must yield
That minds are treated like a field,
For which is furnish'd a supply,
That like manuring there must lie.
Though what this gives we need not say,
As yet but enter'd on the way.
Ingredients, now Heaven shield us all!
Upon each mind are sure to fall.
Alas! to Nature none are left,
Thus after being drain'd, bereft
Of food, which Nature would have given,
Of things that would have dropp'd from Heaven.
I need not add the sickly list
Of foul things now in minds ne'er miss'd;
Suffice it, they are rank and stale,
For no good purpose of avail.
We can detect a plenteous store
Of what can all bad weeds restore.
There's blood and substance animal,
With putrid flesh effectual
To bring to life all noxious things,
Of which the fame sinistrous rings
Through all reports that now relate
To what afflicts our social state.
Excretæ then are greatly sought,
No produce is more quickly bought;
In form of some intricate tale,
Or book sectarian that will rail.
Deodorized it passes all,
Untraced by any to man's fall.

'Tis thought so sensible and sweet,
No bookstalls the demand can meet.
And, what should be remark'd as well,
Men even seek a foreign spell
To act upon our minds at home,
And suit still more the wits that roam.
As Indian islands, ocean rocks,
The British farm now duly stocks
With what wild birds in myriads there
Have left to rot and taint the air;
So German, and our Gallic friends
Supply us with what never ends,
Infectious matter for the mind,
More strong than what at home we find.
The grim old dragon scatters bane,
Disgorges poison to remain,
The scaly horrors of his wings,
Which commerce to our region brings,
This, mix'd with native dregs of food,
Produces slime for every mood ;
Then rankles, decomposed, a pest
Which leaves no heart or nation rest—
A mass of miscellaneous stuff,
Which of itself soon proves enough
To yield a certain moral crop,
O'er which I'd let the curtain drop.
'Tis not the fragrance of a field
That produce such as this will yield;
A fragrance like the new-mown hay
Does not embalm the social way,

Where elements, thus potent, strong,
Are spread around to nourish wrong ;
In brief, where what to mind is given,
Antagonistic proves to Heaven.
Poor Nature dreads the hideous spell,
And with a sigh she bids farewell.
So here I'm led, by force of things,
To what the whole conclusion brings ;
To specify, in rustic song,
The chief results that do belong
To all this treatment of the mind,
Which now throughout the world you find.

Thus then, all undermined and drain'd,
Manured, and no supply restrain'd,
Proceed we to survey the ground,
Where treatment "*civilized*" is found ;
For this word now will designate
The character of each great state.
Let's mark results which soon will tell
If all that has been done is well.

I would not gracious life defame,
Like those who only breathe to blame.
In human life there's always found
A force as if from air and ground,
To yield abundant sweetest fruits,
And just what our poor nature suits.
The field wears beauty in the Spring,
The wildest hedgerow, some bright thing ;

The woods will furnish grateful shade ;
The moors with heath are purple made.
Sweet Heaven's own gracious bounty wide
Can still be traced on every side ;
And so the moral world still shows
The gifts that ever God bestows.
Just see these troops of cheerful youth,
Are they harsh foes to any truth ?
Or see these crowds that come to play
In parks upon a holiday,
Would these oppose the gracious plan
By which God offers good to man ?
And so—for these have not received
The treatment of the rich deceived—
Undrain'd, and left with common heat,
Exposed to air, their soil is sweet.
But what with grief we now observe,
Is how through science men will swerve
From rules, that even farmers know,
When they would have what's good to grow.
Intent to "*civilize*" each state—
For that's the word which suits the great—
They seek a universal change
In manners, laws, and life's whole range.
A thorough drainage here we own ;
But what is now the alter'd tone
Of states, religion drain'd away,
Where no respect or love will stay—
Where Freedom too must cease to reign,
While no one ventures to complain ?

To God we see that all's denied,
Save where our human strength's defied;
For states can't take away His grace,
Though all the rest they can efface.
Say why then may not popes be kings?
Why banish all monastic things?
Say why no thought, esteem of prayer?
Because Religion is not there.
Those waters now no longer nigh,
Such fruits of Christian faith must die.
So now supreme we see the throne
Of "Peoples" standing quite alone;
All else must hide and disappear,
And then they say the ground is clear.

Then fond affections,—sentiment—
By these is any heart now bent?
I sing of visible effects,
Results, whatever each expects.
Is Shakspeare's woman now the flower
That still adorns each private bower?
Are sires most blest when at their gate
They see their sons come home with state?
Or there would they prefer to see
Their open own sworn enemy?
Seem rustic youths, near forests grown,
The type which ancient manners own?
With courage, wildness, sports around,
Are other graces also found?

This farm, then, as you pass it by,
Say now, to a judicious eye
Presents it what you'd wish to trace,
Mankind with Heaven still keeping pace?
Harmonious with the summer air,
With all so peaceful, blooming, fair?
With youth so docile, age so kind,
And no neglect quite wilful blind?
Are crops just what you'd wish to see,
Abundant, blooming fragrantly?
With fences well secured, and stiles,
With nothing left to waste for miles,
Yet paths allow'd that wind so free,
To fill the rambler's heart with glee;
Then homesteads cheerful, which will seem
Like pictures for a rural dream;
With lovers faithful, hand in hand,
While all is beauteous, gentle; bland?
Where no true joy is seen around,
Sooth, Love will not on pipes resound.
Alas! poor Love! when truth is said,
Its sweet, bright visions thence have fled.
That wholesome moisture all is gone,
And what have hearts to live upon?
On money base, unwholesome food,
But nothing else is understood.
Such thorough drainage now succeeds;
And so we can't expel the weeds.
Behold, how rich that crop can grow!
But now the times have will'd it so;

Each thirsty tree can nowhere find
A living suited to its kind ;
Each heart is all so hard and dry,
That fruits and flowers both must die.

And Liberty, to which aspire
So many heads we now admire,
What find we now where they succeed,
But things that despots used to breed—
One uniform and servile mass,
Where nothing personal can pass ;
From which all noble minds must flee
To England far beyond the sea,
To find a bath of Freedom's air,
Which can alone their life repair ?

Men talk of Progress—that is well ;
But would you have me truth to tell ?
All progress real must agree
With that of Christ's own infancy ;
For mark, in favour still He grew
With God and man, which is the true
And only test you can have ever,
When progress false from true you sever.

But now revert to works below
The ground, where art has made to flow
Pernicious gases, sure to slay
The trees whose roots will near them stray.

'Tis so with men ; through tunnels vast
Infectious influence has pass'd ;
And then the ground, mined, shaken all,
The noblest structures totter, fall.
No more the monastery stands ;
Its ruin policy demands.
No longer any eye surveys
Works of Faith in believing days.
While kingdoms, now in part or whole,
Seem proud to live without a soul.
Of Christendom the glorious type
Men seek from minds now all to wipe,
And what remains is but a doubt,
As future ages will find out ;
A doubt which dries up all the springs
Of greatest, best of human things ;
And all the compensation given
Is to be told, there is no Heaven:
No life of souls for ever blest,
A myth and error all the rest.

But farmers of the moral soil
Have other arts all life to spoil.
I said manuring they would try,
With agriculturists to vie;
And here we find their rules the same,
Though quick results but lead to shame.
Again, let's mark their fond resource,
Which poisons every vital source.

Thus Hegel, Strauss,—they spread it round,
Till rots the whole polluted ground ;
While things most pestilent, untold,
Remorseless, heartless, base and cold, .
Will grow to injure and to scare,
Infecting all the breathing air.
Manure like this, when widely spread,
Corrupts alike the heart and head.
The crimes which startle men the most,
Oft spring from works of which they boast.
The baneful compost you can find
Sunk deep on their perverted mind ;
The book beneath their pillow found
Denotes the treatment of their ground.
That book by some poor youth once read,
Within a month you find him dead ;
So literally is he slain
By that pernicious volume vain ;
While they who live grow up a pest,
More hideous than can be express'd.
Manure like this, for mental ground,
In Turin, Brussels, most is found. .
And once, when straying on the way,
Remarking works so sure to pay,
“ The Crimes of Popes ” among the rest,
Which there lay offer'd as the best,
I ask'd the slave, of visage bad,
If “ Crimes of Booksellers ” he had ?
I wish I could pourtray the look
He gave, when I had coin'd that book ;

For dealers in such noxious ware
In lands of faith are more aware
Of what they do than those who sell
The same with us, and think all's well ;
But such is still the medley stuff—
Mere lust and lies—and that's enough,
At least what all good men would hide,
And not for willing minds provide.
So when the whole is sold and spread,
The mind becomes a fitting bed
For rearing crops without a name,
Mere chaos, sorrow, vice, and shame.
How few, to Nature only left,
Would yield such weeds, of fruit bereft ?
Effects thus show that the manure
Will yield no wholesome fruits and pure.

But here must end the plaintive strain ;
'Tis bootless longer to complain ;
And "*out*" now for a summer's day,
To sing, and with sweet flowers to play,
Methinks we have remain'd too long
To list this dull and gloomy song.
But ere we rise I'll strike the lyre,
And waken sounds we may admire.

For after all, this culture bad
In no place can be always had ;
Whole districts of the mental land,
Exempted, safe, will ever stand ;

The plains so low, and so obscure,
Would scarcely yield them returns sure;
So there to Nature oft consign'd,
Men can retain a faithful mind ;
And even when the ground is high,
There yet are spots that will defy
The culture, ruinous around,
Which leaves them quite untouch'd and sound,
So that the air, and sun, and rain,
Make all things merry once again.
The work of Sophists incomplete
In them proclaims their clear defeat,
When earth and heaven can smile to see
How well religion will agree
With love and all affections kind
That Nature gives the human mind.
With those bright spots let us consort,
To common mortals oft resort.
Then each day will be joyous still,
And each ground prove the Muses' Hill.

Such emblems, then, from rural ground,
Thus singing, I have sought to trace ;
While others, to more action bound,
Have fought with evil face to face.
Ah! nobler is the potent deed
Than words thus gather'd, scatter'd so,
But still near trees will fall the seed,
From which some plants like them may grow ;

So borne off by the wind around,
The oak and ash may later rise ;
In woods uprooted may be found
The trunk which with the greatest vies ;
The field its fragrant crops may show,
With flow'rets to adorn the dale,
Refresh'd by streams which brightly flow,
And shaded by the poplar pale ;
The consecrated earth may hear
Again a high ethereal glee,
When man to God will then appear
Obedient, noble, just, and free.
Still, honour to the brave and strong,
Who girt their loins to active life,
Redressing with their force the wrong
With which they boldly stood at strife.
While me ignoble leisure drew,
To seek admittance in the train
Of those whom I did once pursue
With prayers that proved, alas! but vain.

THE NEW ROSARY.

Lo ! some again will cross the Muse's Hill,
Though not her objects eager to fulfil ;
These noontide spaces of the day bring forth
Things that to poets personate the north,
As on old portals you can still behold,
Where mystic truths the sculptor will unfold,—

Men, too, whose purpose must not dormant lie,
So us for no cause they will soon defy.
Our metaphors already they've destroy'd,
Which can no longer strictly be employ'd;
As when they boast that now men faster fly
Than any wind that raves across the sky.
Our very terms become thus obsolete,
Bespeaking habits that are quite effete;
For fifty kilomètres in the hour
Which they can make, exceed a tempest's power.
With figures arm'd so thus will many scout
Poor poets, and parade what's been found out;
For though not jackals to discover aught,
They live by feeding on what others brought;
And now they would perplex us in their way,
To whom what follows I propose to say.

My friends, you boast the age great progress makes,
That man's long sleeping spirit now but wakes,
That mysteries no more should clog his brain,
That all old past religion must be vain,
And yet that truly a religious tone
All new philosophers profess to own;
Some God and Spirit worship, even you
Acknowledge, cherish, and retain in view.
You say they want new festivals as well,
Though how arranged, as yet they cannot tell;
That those who see but man, will still adore¹,
You ask, what can we wish or hope for more?

¹ Ste. Beuve, *Nouveaux Lundis*, tome vi. p. 2.

"A day," you add, "must come which will demand²
More than the sweet, sad smiles of Renan bland.
When some will pray to heaven that they may see
Once more the worship of philosophy.
This touching sanctity of wits so clear,
Should therefore to all Christians now be dear."
To aid this new religion then you say,
"Let's do our best, and each in his own way;
What skills it looking back to other ends?
The men who work this way are all our friends."
In short, 'tis they who would religion clear,
And only errors cause to disappear.
'Tis well, I answer, that you aught retain,
And ancient words still suffer to remain;
Adhering thus to rules of Vaugelas,
Who hallow'd terms insists should current pass.
Embolden'd by your wish to leave so much,
To make the thing complete, I'd add a touch.
Permit me then just softly to suggest
That a new chaplet should be with the rest;
And though all mysteries you would refuse,
There still are fifteen secrets you could use.
A new invention here you won't reject,
A fitting Rosary to suit your sect;
Excuse the word—it sha'n't be named again,
The thing invented only may remain.
Although, perhaps, it is not wholly new,
But merely trimm'd up fresh to suit your view;

² Idem, p. 18.

For since in that of Dominick we trace
 The only thoughts that save the human race,
 There must, I hold, be somewhere hidden deep,
 If found, we only once could have a peep,
 The counterpart proposed by I know whom,
 Who in a chaplet for himself finds room.
 But take it now, and as you find it here,
 I'm sure to men, like some, it will be dear.

And first you should rejoice for human kind,
 That vast new things you have conceived in mind;
 That what traditions primal told of yore,
 Are call'd now false, and can be held no more;
 That thoughts work'd out alone, and as he can,
 Are now the only wisdom for a man;
 That deep conceptions brooding in his brain
 Alone can true philosophy sustain;
 That this is now by science all confess'd,
 So truth by each should for himself be dress'd.
 For with Euripides you disagree,
 When he said, "one man cannot all things see³,"
 That "one man's no man," said the Greeks of old,
 That one's sufficient is what now we're told⁴.
 Each thing you have conceived bears no rebuff,
 You have conceived it,—that is quite enough.
 Thus Christian notions are conceived to be
 The real cause of all man's misery.
 As if they underpropp'd the hideous pile
 Of foul corruptions which our race beguile.

³ Εἰς ἀνὴρ οὐ πάνθ' ὁρᾷ.

⁴ Εἰς ἀνὴρ οὐδεὶς ἀνὴρ.

No wicked governments or priesthoods sad,
Without their help, could ever more be had;
A gentle race of Pagans we should be,
Like Martial charming, and like Ovid free;
No tyrants more, no superstition base,
When once all Christian footsteps we efface:
For as to what old histories may say,
To count them spurious is the safer way.
Have not our critics shiver'd to the ground
The charges in them against Nero found?
So we conceive our joy will be entire,
When once more all men Pagan thoughts admire.
We then conceive, with Christian views of life
By constitution we must be at strife;
For men like us have no religious sense,
And so to claim it would be mere pretence.
As Horace of Achilles falsely sung¹,
We, sooth, deny we can be found among
Those men who of Religion feel a need,
In whom that foolish error fond can breed.
Yes, some perhaps may need it, as they say;
But we can neither feel like them nor pray;
Our physiology rejects the whole;
We only laugh when hearing of the soul.
Most glad conception this, then say aloud,
We have no duties like the common crowd.

Then next the joyful meetings of each year
You should revolve, as being truly dear;

¹ "Jura negat sibi nata."

When vast admiring crowds will rend the sky,
Extolling all the wonders they descry,
Quite pleased to hear that men are sprung from apes,
That sense alone our mind and manners shapes;
So proud to hear that all things now begin,
That only old wives ever talk of sin;
In short, that guides at last to them are given,
Who never mention either hell or heaven.
These Attic, adamantine writers born,
Will never Asiatic praises scorn.
So they can think upon the Visitation,
Which is so proper in their class and station.

And now a third and truly pleasant thought
Is, that, while each is by himself sole taught,
Our mind no longer has a latent thorn,
Since true philosophy at length is born—
A light dispensing henceforth with all fire,
From sources which our race used to admire,
From heart and conscience, and from ancient creeds,
Which now humanity no longer needs.
Great birth! diffusing radiance like the sun,
Of which the course as yet has but begun.
Sublime Nativity! it is for all
Who waking dreams philosophy will call.

A fourth reflection suited to the wise,
To make them feel a just and glad surprise,
Consists in viewing scientific throngs
As the sole temples to which truth belongs,

And then presenting to them fearless, free,
Some hints to teach a new morality;
Proclaiming, too, with eloquence aloud,
That all is pure which satisfies the crowd.
So on such Presentations they can think;
On what is worst the world is sure to wink.

In fine, a fifth foundation for their joy
Is that the man should now renounce the boy;
No more in churches thinking he can meet
The truth which only haunts the richest street,
Sure to be found in clubs or journals clever,
But near retreats, or prayer, or altars, never.
No finding in the temple now true light!
Such quests belong'd to those involved in night.
Since now this great Nativity of joy
Has proved each old thought but a silly toy,
This birth has brought to men an object new,
A joyful prospect for their ravish'd view.
The Summum Bonum is now here below,
Consisting in what knowledge can bestow;
And surely joy must come to them with speed,
When finding that they want no other creed!
It ought to come, perhaps, but yet, methinks,
At times their secret spirit somewhat sinks.
Of course no men will talk or boast more loud
Together met, or noticed by the crowd.
We all know well their wonted, scornful laugh,
When hearing speeches with good wine to quaff;

But somehow 'tis a laugh not always clear,
As when the humble masses we can hear,
Not always with that same true joyous ring,
As when our common youth will shout and sing.
Their joy, they say, is noble and intense;
Yet oft it strikes us as in part pretence.

So now a change is needed for the mind,
Since dulness thus will plague all human kind.
Then let us view some sources of despair,
Which for your sophist race are seldom rare,
That thus employ'd our beads may quite agree
With what assails the liberal and free.

Now, first the mind discouraged will complain
That after all defects will still remain
In the great work which science will invoke,
Enough all sages greatly to provoke;
For men will still retain the words of mothers,
Content with what the new light wholly smothers.
Men still will trust to justice more than force,
Which for diffusing light we think a source.
Some now (for once we own a mystery)
Will Christians rest, declining liberty.

For though we manage to insinuate
Some doubts of all things, and without debate,
By sneers, mis-statements, keeping still in view
Those evils that will cleave but to a few,
While taking then for granted without doubt,
Things which as false the many can't find out,

Maintaining some truths, others to deny,
With arts at least no young men can descry,
Still seeming ever full of great good sense,
When at the bottom it is all pretence,
Having all youthful heads at our command,
By serving up just what they understand,
Pursuing daily an incessant strife
In secret 'gainst the whole old Christian life,
And leaving nought exempted from the sway
Of what some call the Infidel's sure way,—
Still, after all, to ending of their lives,
In many 'tis the spark of faith survives,
Who, though made weak and halting in their course,
Still cling to Faith as to their best resource;
Disgracing thus the century at last,
Professing doctrines as in ages past.
Yea, some to progress bound are like the rest,
And what is worse, in science these are best.
How sad that first-rate men should now be found
Pretending truth will rest on holy ground,
Denouncing those who would abolish creeds,
As going further than the true cause needs,
Pronouncing second-rate the spirits free,
Who know no limits to man's liberty,
Asserting that true genius can inspire
The very faith which Christians still admire.
Thus Volta, Biot, Recamier, Hoüy⁶,
De Blainville, Tulasne, Hermite, Piazzzi,

⁶ Crystallography.

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Thus Lanek, Kiernan, benefactors great,
Detecting what affects our mortal state,
Thus Ampère, Cauchy, and Barande feel,
Dupuytren, Tocqueville, as their deaths reveal.
Such men who still are ever in the van,
To plague the others thus do all they can;
Although for mathematics far renown'd,
With saints and Christians these, alas! are found.
Though Ampère first described the telegram,
'Tis he who call'd our progress but a sham.
The men who gave us speech through oceans vast,
Are found on ways of doubt to be the last.
This is what makes progressive men to feel
An inward aching which they can't reveal.
'Tis said that also Newton, Whewell, too,
Seem'd both disposed to take this antique view;
Though Newton now with idle pains you cite,
Who on Apocalyptic views did write.
And Whewell, too, had thoughts like any child,
Which prove that both these men were oft beguiled.
And once detected this way in the wrong,
Their testimony is not worth a song,
When showing how they deem'd it wise to be
Opposed in all things to true liberty.
Then Miller in the oldest strata sees
Some proof that nought has grown up by degrees;
So Darwin's system of development
From being widely spread he will prevent.
He even writes to point out footsteps clear
Of a Creator as one always near.

I say this makes us sick, and feel quite weak,
And in a way of which we cannot speak.
Such bitter facts should cause the world surprise,
When some like these progressive men despise—
Men so intent with science pure to walk,
And louder than themselves in boasts and talk—
Men who show science without God is best,
And deem as superstitions all the rest.
'Tis monstrous not to treat them with respect,
As if their freedom were a sheer defect.
Such things unpleasant breed confusion far,
Since not concordant, they cause all to jar.
True men of progress think of this with pain,
And thus, for once, on grains they may complain.
These "gentle natures, thoroughly humane,"
From angry words of grief can not refrain;
And if of Christian things a doubt in praise
A hapless stranger should presume to raise,
De Quincey says they only rave and scream,
You hardly trust your ears, it seems a dream;
Such morbid phrensy, dolorous to see,
Now seizes those you thought so gentle, free.

Then guides to Novelty may ponder next
The many blows with which they have been vex'd,
Their grand objections, thought so new and clever,
Shown to evince no strength but of endeavour;
To be but errors made by men of old,
Disproved more often than can well be told.

The great "Development" Hypothesis
Amounting, as is proved, to nought but this,
The progress being still from high to low,
A degradation, as observers show,
On origin of plants, Lamarckian views
But proving folly, which the time renews,
What they deny, not only possible,
But shown not even as improbable;
While those who talk of "series infinite,"
Are scorn'd as if betraying dimmest sight,
No other tenet being left to man
Save by Creation's force all things began.
Conclusions to disgust and fill with grief
Those who, denying God, will find relief.

Then let them think of truths prevailing still,
In flat defiance of their anxious will,
While on themselves retorted their own boast
Was truly what has injured them the most,
In short, how awkward facts will oft dispose
Of stout assertions, breaking their repose.
Now these things all are stripes and flagellation
For great, progressive men of every nation.
And then they're seized with philosophic wonder,
With grief, at least affected, as they ponder,
That after boasting they could bring us peace,
Political denouncements never cease;
That prisons are all fill'd now more than ever,
Just after what was writ by men so clever;



That after railing at crusaders old,
Such wars as ours should now have to be told;
That progress means grand armies, prompt and vast,
Exceeding what was known in ages past.
Then of rude insolence they must complain,
When some demand why such things still remain,
As if great changes ever could be wrought
Without producing evils quite unsought.
Their very science comes in for a share
Of stupid censure, showing how men dare;
For fools rush in to tread their sacred floor,
And on themselves some mere abuse to pour.
That even nature mocks them has been thought,
As if she loved their skill to set at nought.
The new disasters which afflict the world,
Employ'd as missiles, now at them are hurl'd.
Diseases wafted by the railway train,
Against which all provisions are but vain,
Our crops oft rotting, maugré chymistry,
Our cattle dying with such mystery,
These evils they at least should help to stop,
Or else their boasts triumphant all should drop.
“'Tis plain,” say some, “they're often at a loss,
As if at times they play'd at pitch and toss.”
And farmers rude will wave their hands and hoot,
Because their science cannot cure a root.
And then their friends, to whom, alas! they're slaves,
Since no such brother, brother ever braves,
Alone must have their pen, their ear, their eye,
Without their leave they are not free to die.

The very crown that circles on their brow,
Shall I tell what it is composed of now?
But no; I dare not any longer stay
Upon this oft defiled and stony way,
Whose depths are seen by a reflected light,
That awes and dazzles our weak human sight,
Which cannot bear, although for end profound,
To see such beams upon this murky ground.
Enough, I leave them to reflect and see,
That they might think on their own misery.
Just as, where'er the civilized proceed,
We find them follow'd by the nettle weed,
Fast springing up unbidden, no one knows
How, while still near them o'er the globe it grows;
So this great Progress scatters from its wings
Prolific seeds of what their bearer stings.
They have their thorny crown, however proud,
In many things we need not say aloud.
They bear a cross on their triumphant way,
Where often poignant agony will stay.
Yea, fix'd upon it even must be left
Those who of Christian faith will be bereft.
For science pure proves insufficient, vain,
The woes of life to help men to sustain.
'Tis idle but to know how planets roll,
If men are left uncomforted in soul.
I might, indeed, disclose the special grief,
From which no new light can afford relief;
But I would fear to glance at things profound,
In union with the shapes that here are found.

'Tis clear that they can think on special woe
Awaiting those who will leave this world so.
Though still, of course, they are not much inclined
To guide their thoughts through channels of this
kind,

Their maxim being, as at Thebes of old,
When painful facts too near them must be told,
"All things severe I put off till to-morrow,
Let's feast in mind, and talk on without sorrow."
The secrets therefore dolorous for thought
Address'd to them, and near, though never sought,
I leave them to con over grain by grain,
While I unfold the others that remain.

Now first as glorious they might here review
The list of things that come to life anew.
Resuscitated fancies of the East
Might furnish out with pride their mental feast.
To think, for instance, Nature to be all,
That nothing differs in the great and small,
Must constitute for them a source of pride,
Whatever other thoughts may them divide.
If nothing else could rise to make them glad,
'Twere much to think the good are like the bad.
This glorious tenet of identity
Makes each man truly wise and wholly free,
And this, of ancient sects whate'er is said,
Has only lately risen from the dead.
While as for things of which the church will talk,
They have a way that all such ends can baulk,

Of letting facts unpleasant slip from mind,
Ignoring all to which they're not inclined—
And heeding not for once the clearest proof,
Attention knowing how to keep aloof;
They know no resurrection but their own,
And Paley's logic they will all disown.

Then who their recent glories can deny,
When Pantheists around now soar so high,
When they themselves ascend above the mass,
And constitute apart a glorious class?
So rising above notions vulgar, stale,
Such as befit alone some winter's tale,
About your demons, angels, and the rest,
All nought but superstition at the best.
In fact, each day we now can hear them boast
Of triumphs won, each pleasing them the most.
"To us you owe," they say, "as each can see,
That all opinion public is so free,
Unless when prompted by a conscience mean,
What we have will'd you seek to contravene.
Then talents, genius, will not make amends,
If what is ancient any one defends'.
No article like that shall now appear,
'Tis we are guardians of the public ear.
To us you owe the air you breathe around,
When nothing hostile to our views is found;
To us that here and there so few are left,
Who, more or less, of faith are not bereft;

' This refers to the Continental press.

That at the bottom of each truant heart
There lies embedded of sly doubts the dart.
To us you owe that few can nobly stand,
And prove by deeds they can themselves command;
That those who struggle and resolve to die
As constant Christians, sometimes breathe a sigh,
As if the poison glided through their veins
To temper energy which faith sustains."
Yes, yes, whate'er they boast, it all is true,
They can remove, destroy, pervert, renew.
To them we owe some changes truly great,
Which e'en the ancients would embrace as fate;
To them,—that now humanity is all;
That each man counts but as an item small;
That mediæval notions about States
Are now abolish'd by such grand debates;
That patience, resignation, loyalty,
Are superseded by new liberty—
The State itself both one, and free, and brave,
Each individual a conscript slave,
No youth without a weapon in his hand,
As when the first barbarians ranged the land,
Beatitudes all changed from those of old,
As not adapted for the free and bold,
No longer crimes like floods to pass away,
But thoughts rebellious, ocean-like, to stay,
What once was open, isolated crime,
To be a principle to last with time,
Nations that could revive in days of yore,
To be to our eyes curable no more.

These, sooth, are glorious secrets for their state,
On which it must be sweet to meditate.
'Tis thus, I say, that they can glorious rise—
At least pass somewhere beyond human eyes;
And what great matter, though it's not the sky,
If still they move alone, with no one by.
To think they look down on the Papal fold,
Is greater glory than can well be told.
Distinction some, perhaps, most men will seek,
'Tis theirs to look on others as the weak.
So now with novel pride themselves they see,
A secret fellowship—the only free.
And such Ascensions brooded on in thought,
Can thus in lists of glorious things be sought.

A third triumphant secret must be told,
Although as Pagan times it is as old;
For they should think how henceforth they dispense
With all extrinsic aid, their mind and sense
Proving sufficient, causing them to be
Wise, moral, clever, without mystery.
And Cicero, you know, in days of yore,
Ask'd, who from heaven wisdom would implore,
Since from himself alone man draws the whole
Of what belongs to spirit or to soul?
They need no hymns demanding aid to come,
While of their wisdom few can count the sum;
For as to what took place so long ago,
They know exactly why it then was so,

Mere human cunning might have all explain'd,
And circumstances could have all sustain'd,
When first your cross was held up to the world,
And harmless idols from their temples hurl'd.
The rudest peasant can an empire change,
Whenever he can times and men arrange;
'Tis man begins, conducts, and perfects all,
When floods roll back, and cloud-capp'd mountains
fall.

To rob the world of all its heathen leaven,
No grace was needed, and no aid from heaven;
The times alone became the sole device,
To change to Christians Pagans in a trice.
How glorious then the wisdom of our age,
Which all its thirst for truth can thus assuage,
Without supposing an unseen descent
Of aught that kindles men or can prevent!
No wise man henceforth having for his song,—
“Veni Creator,” with the Christian throng.

But now they come to new truth's strongest hold,
Which to astonish'd mankind must be told.
Avaunt those views of death as ever near!
For them there's henceforth neither hope nor fear.
Assumption! Heaven! all that has had its day,
The supernatural has pass'd away.
How glorious thus to think no more of death
But as the parting of a little breath!
So make the best of present things they must,
The rest is nothing—and our end is dust.

But henceforth now, methinks, I'll hear them
speak,
To echo what remains I'm voiceless, weak.
So list! they'll now all whisper what they feel,
Although, indeed, they neither pray nor kneel.

"There still remains," say they, "and quite for us,
A glorious secret to be stated thus.
Females for men, and men alone are born,
Slight, pretty things, perhaps, but each a thorn,
Impelling us to needless acts call'd good,
While nothing by their minds is understood;
Still teasing, checking, and preventing man
From harming others—doing what he can;
As if, forsooth, an omelet you'd make,
And scruple a few eggs in it to break!
What then are females with their piety,
Preventing nations to be great and free?
A plague of nature, without purpose sent,
To prove our hindrance and our punishment.
Then just compare our view of female things
With what the Church with saints and poets sings.
They say the type of what vain beings love,
Now sits enthroned in some bright sphere above;
They say, howe'er of beauty some may boast,
'Tis this that wins their deep regard the most,
Inspires besides respect as well as love,
A tender sense of something up above.
In fact, we own that this has changed the lot
Of females, although many see it not.

Woman, they say, has served to change the plan
Of Nature stern, devised for guilty man;
As if this creature weak should dare to vie
With us whose wisdom she can't e'en descry;
As if, forsooth, to Nature could be dear
One only fit to chronicle small beer.
But hence, ye visions, sickly, base, and vile,
Deserving of our hate, and not our smile.
Let females keep to their old pristine lot,
Their highest merit still to be forgot,
As soon as absent from our noble side,
And still unknown in silence to abide.
They can of course, we know, do much, and will;
Then let them change, and be progressive still;
For only thus it is that they can be
Deserving praise from us and liberty."

Here end the glorious secrets they would state,
So here they cease on grains to contemplate.
I think this string of beads may please them well
As suiting the new truths of which they tell.
Perhaps they do not greatly like the name,—
Recalling what they deem a thing of shame;
But what of that? It may deceive some fools,
Who think them not opposed to ancient rules.
'Tis right that thus at times they wear a mask,
Pursuing to achieve their glorious task,
Though, doubtless, never finish'd can it be
While time is granted to mortality.

4

RESPECTABILITY SECURED

BY THE

"INDEPENDENT MORALITY."

THE noon brings forth dull, dreary things,
That creep and grovel, without wings;
Then songs like this, the poet sings,—

In Roman story, we are told,
A certain youth, in pleasure old,
In base amusements ever roll'd.

Those round him so deceived his mind,
That other joys he could not find ;
His heart and conscience both grew blind.

We need not sing of empty pleasure,
Which he sought for without measure,
Lost as soon as gain'd each treasure.

Drunken ever, a mere sot,
Forgetting every other lot,
He wish'd to be himself forgot.

His father nathless was alive,
In whom some hope would yet survive,
And who to save him now would strive.

So brought back to the once-loved door,
The parent would the child implore
To lead that course of life no more.

He gave him tutors of each kind,
To furnish fresh his empty mind,
Expecting some faint sign to find

Of sparks that might be ling'ring still;
Though, seeming to have lost all will,
He show'd but dull and passive ill.

These teachers had the widest span;
Through courses manifold they ran,
To call to life this young old man.

Yet never indiscreetly teased,
The youth himself seem'd almost pleased,
From such long burdens now so eased.

You might have thought some hope remain'd,
Although he had been so long stain'd,
So long too, without ceasing, pain'd.

No rash excess was suffer'd here,
There's nothing heard to cause him fear;
In medium just they sought to steer.

The whole was wisely, kindly plann'd;
All comforts now he could command;
Each ready ever at his hand.

To hear him too, you well might think
That he was saved, though on the brink,
And long content unknown to sink.

Now all rejoiced; and each would state
'Twas he who saved him from that fate,
And so thought his own merit great.

But, lo! a change comes o'er their dream,
And things are not quite what they seem;
'Tis bootless to resist the stream.

Respectable, this quiet lad
Had pined within, and grown quite sad,
To find left near him no one bad.

He climb'd unnoticed on the roof,
There for a moment stood aloof,—
And then—of what he felt, gave proof.

They knew he was gone overhead,
So nothing more they thought or said,
Till on the ground they found him dead.

Our classic author, simply thus
Narrates, nor adds with any fuss,
The moral which concerneth us :

That we should never wish to vie
With those who vicious courses try,
Which only end when we must die.

We may be taken from the net,
But we shall never once forget
Its baits on which our hearts were set.

Without some faint religious sense,
Reform is but a cold pretence ;
For good there is no future tense.

Without some pale and flickering ray,
Like the first streaks at dawn of day
From Heaven, good will never stay.

Found thus in abject misery,
You think to make men good and free,
And their Deliverer to be ;

Mere sports of Fortune, wayward, wild,
Each steep'd in sorrows from a child,
Both hoping still, and still beguiled.

Such was their condition when,
As if engulph'd in some dark fen,
You thought to make them rise as men.

They now are independent made,
Respectable and very staid,
So bliss they scarcely can evade.

The only thing that's wanting there,
Seems some slight wish to breathe a prayer,
Some trace of faith, however spare;

Some faint half-wishes to be found
In Church when Sunday fills around
The streets, with others thither bound;

And not be always left alone,
Without a heart, and callous grown,
Attending to their secret moan.

But still results you'll surely find,
To satisfy your anxious mind,
And prove you wise, as well as kind?

Receive your answer in the sigh,
The discontented, vacant eye,
Half closed on all that passes by—

That air of pure indifference,
To be assumed by no pretence,
So dead it is to every sense;

In sooth, the only human state
Which cunning cannot imitate,
So cold it is and desolate.

Yes, read the sad and strange reply,
In their half-stifed, angry sigh,
Each time that you to them draw nigh.

The murmur; painfully suppress'd,
The want of something to give rest,
The woe that cannot be redress'd.

More miserable now than ever,
Though free, and screen'd, and skill'd, and clever,
From sadness, nothing can them sever.

The libertine and outcast found
Some hope that hover'd all around,
Some object to which thoughts were bound.

The godless but reformèd rake,
Has nothing left for him to take ;
So, happy him no home can make.

These comforts, friends, the whole will pall,
Prove empty consolations all ;
And lower, now, he cannot fall.

But not so; there remains the hour,
When Truth, so long abhorr'd, will lour,
And come with more than human power.

'Twill not be Atticus, to pass*
Without one murmur of alas!
From things they yet would still amass.

Oh, not as if they changed their room,
Appears their parting now with gloom,
It looks more like confronting doom.

Still, though of God they never thought,
Nor mercy from Him ever sought,
To dwell on this we are not taught.

Who knows what circumstances strong
Have changed the nature of the wrong?
Who knows to whom they now belong?

Our thought mounts upwards to the skies,
As quickly as the lightning flies
Downwards to our dazzled eyes.

* "Such was the constancy of voice and countenance of Atticus, when about to die, that he seemed not to pass from life, but only from one room to another."—Cor. Nepos.

Who knows what dark, mysterious spell
Forbade them all their thoughts to tell?
So who knows? all may yet be well!

THE PRELATE AND THE POET.

MERIDIAN heat invites to rest,
Where climates are the brightest, best,
As many nations can attest;

But we who the cold north must fear,
At noon find visions disappear;
The Muses then the least are near.

So feeling influence unsought,
To sing a fact we now have thought,
Which recently to light was brought.

Yet things that seem prosaic, near,
May sometimes to the Muse be dear,
As now, perhaps, will soon appear.

For we will sing the noble mind,
All wing'd by faith, yet human, kind,
Alone to prejudices blind.

I own I loathe the pert, coarse sprite,
That its own coarseness would unite
With what is high, serene, and bright,

Though Christian, for Times will'd it so,
Yet rough-grain'd things that rabid grow,
What contrasts to a Cicero!

Such deep discordance will annoy,
Though Heaven's own grace it can't destroy,
Which will at times such tools employ.

No miracle can move us more,
Than that such wits should have a store
Of truths unknown in days of yore;

For of themselves, they only show,
While representing all things so,
How little they could ever know.

They scorn all gentle views, profound;
They deem their own the only sound,
In which no tenderness is found.

Their Muse loves neither song nor lyre;
But counting pence she will not tire;
Or scraping for them in the mire.

With sweeping phrases at command,
What's positive they understand;
Nought else to them is wise or grand.

They point at contrasts all the while;
Red, black, and yellow, form the style;
No neutral tints; the work is vile.

I love the harmonies that blend,
That lead you where you see no end,
And where a foe becomes a friend.

This sense of a supernal ray,
Converting into radiance clay,
Where can we find it on our way?

It's found where it is seldom sought,
Yes, past the highest flight of thought,
To true perfection ever brought.

And Chaucer shows it in his time,
Existing in its fullest prime,
Without a taint, much less a crime.

Of parish priests, then, apropos,
How fortunate that we should know
What men they were so long ago.

Some might have thought they had been bold,
Sharp, vulgar, if the truth were told,
And jealous when they heard of gold ;

Regarding all things, even friends,
But with a view to parish ends,
To which with them each feeling bends.

Some few, perhaps, might take this tone,
Laborious, cold officials grown,
But most did such small minds disown.

And when this sounds not in your tale,
Though you may think your facts prevail,
It suits best those who love to rail.

For they were learnèd and benign,
Yes, fair men, with whate'er design,
And caring nought for mine and thine.

Loth to curse for tithes, saith he,
Or any weakness that might be
In our poor, fond humanity.

Aye grateful for each timely aid,
When wolves ferocious did invade
The fold, nor would aught else upbraid.

Such pastors still abound with us,
Quite wise and holy, without fuss,
On whom we all can reckon thus.

Yes, Chaucer's Persones re-appear,
With conscience ever calm and clear,
Prepared to act, as you shall hear.

A poet late, for songs renown'd,
The sweetest ever France had found,
Was loved by people far around.

But his was an unhappy age,
The spirit of the times was rage;
A thirst which nought could then assuage.

How few retain a quiet breast
When anger is in all the rest,
And he most angry thought the best!

The Muse, no doubt, should guide the throng,
But here to truth it will belong
To own that even she went wrong.

So politics would mould his fate;
And prisons oped their pond'rous gate,
Where some on him could vent their hate.

Yet men whose faith was half pretence,
Said this was not his worst offence;
They said he hurt their moral sense.

For he had sung of Love's young charm,
And this, they said, was sure to harm;
So 'gainst him all men they would arm.

In short, this poet was the point
For which, when times were out of joint,
Men could their darts with hate anoint.

I seek not to defend the man;
Declaim and argue as you can;
When all is said, you aid my plan.

Perhaps to circumstance we owe
His faults, which then did overflow,
And lead to stanzas that we know.

He said he hated mere abuse,
And not Religion's holy use;
But some to hear him were obtuse,

That ne'er would he attack the throne,
If antique honour it would own,
And only loyalty were sown.

When blamed for solitude as wrong,
His answer was convey'd in song ;
To whom could words like these belong ?

“ With God some chat I oft maintain ;
To answer He will always deign,
And ever make me gay again.”

Methinks such thoughts could hardly be
Mistaken for impiety,
That men on him should rush with glee.

He sang of love,—it is the truth,—
Of love as in the days of Ruth ;
And therefore was he dear to youth.

For love is patriarchal still,
In any garret, if the will
Be like his, only free from ill.

But all this heeded not the sly,
Whose manna is hypocrisy,
Who truth and nature will decry.

So mark him now, abhorr'd, reviled,
By men who never laugh'd or smiled ;
Although in much he was a child,

Of silence and retreat the friend,
Who scornèd all ambitious end,
And who for others life would spend.

Well, hated thus, and deem'd a pest,
In Passy he would seek his rest ;
So there he found his humble nest.

It chanced upon a summer's day,
A holy prelate pass'd that way,
Whose crook held Paris in its sway.

We know how Churchmen true will walk
With steps that seem almost to talk,
While we poor creatures run or stalk ;

That step of prudence, good to see,
That step of grave, calm mystery,
That step of simple dignity.

It struck him, as he walk'd along,
That to a Pontiff did belong
To visit there this child of song.

He knock'd at that poor, humble gate .
(He walk'd, attended on with state) ;
But what cared he, if men would prate ?

Announced, the Poet, all surprised,
Received him glad, and undisguised;
An angel had not been more prized.

“Do take my chair;” he’s not denied
(The chair in which he shortly died);
They sat together side by side.

The prince Archbishop then began
To chat as any common man;
And thus the conversation ran*:

“Your songs I’ve read;”—“I trust not all!”
Cried he whom these words did appal;
But only balm the saint let fall.

“Retrench some few,” he said with grace;
“Oh much, my lord, I would efface;
My thought in yours I only trace.”

Then seeing how he cast his eyes,
Without evincing a surprise,
Upon a portrait he did prize,

Lamennai’s was the image kept,
“Oh! see not him, who now has slept;
He was my friend!” he said, and wept.

* Verbatim. Vide *Béranger et son Temps*, par Jules Janin.
Tome i. p. 167.

"Lamennai was a corsaire true,
Some foe he needs must have in view;
Were Rome attack'd, he'd fight like you;

But Rome triumphant then was all;
His spirit nought could then appal;"
The Poet thus explain'd his fall.

Before he left that humble roof,
The Prelate of his zeal gave proof,
Presenting one who stood aloof;

And one, he said, indeed, who ought
To have before that lodging sought,
And kindness pastoral have wrought.

"Nay, nay, my lord," the bard replied,
"On me the blame should sole abide,
Who did not speed me to his side."

'Twas Passy's curate, standing by,
The Prelate would hear no reply;
"He should have honour'd genius high.

Parishioner so far renown'd,
Should not have been deserted found,
When such a good priest till'd the ground."

"Well, be it so; but you shall find
Your visit answer'd in its kind,
To visit him my heart you bind."

In fine, conducted to the street,
The Poet would the Prelate greet
With parting words both grave and sweet.

"My lord," he said, "I promise you,
To die, whatever may ensue,
A gallant man and Christian true."

They parted, nor imagine then,
He saw no more of such great men,
While others fled the poison'd den.

He used to say, "Lo, vicars three,
Here seated with me you could see,
Such weakness have the priests for me!"

But true, your stately minds and stern
A simple lesson will not learn,
Or goodness 'midst its faults discern.

I know that here was much to blame;
Wild genius oft is hard to tame;
But good men cry not always "shame."

And those who ever go about,
So hound-like, with a restless snout,
And smelling to search evil out,

With ink and pens within their head,
To make things black, and look like dead,
Are only fools when all is said.

Oh ! honour to the meek and sage,
Who have no thoughts allied to rage,
But only love thus to assuage;

Who leave to God the balance still,
And ever hope with constant will,
That good won't be outweigh'd by ill.

Oh ! may such minds be ever nigh,
To guide men when aloft they fly,
To aid them when they come to die.

HUNTED DOWN¹.

THE Noontide rising wakens foes;
Declining, oft flies steep'd in woes,
 With languid wing;
As 'twere of old, O Muses, tell
What saddens those who near ye dwell,
 And all they sing.

¹ From a narrative found, in manuscript, between the leaves of an old play.

I stood within her room aghast,
To hear abruptly all was past,
 And she must fly.
Sobs! tears! it surely is a dream!
Some fiction, something that does seem!
 She still is nigh.

O life! O love! O human heart!
And is it thus we ever part
 With half our soul?
It is not, cannot thus be so;
For only by degrees we know
 What wrecks the whole.

Three days, and I can yet behold
Her whose whole secret is not told,
 Herself reserved;
The joy of life appears to last;
It will not surely soon be past,
 But still preserved.

But Time wings on a steady flight,
And soon arrives the fatal night
 When she is gone!
The heart begins at last to feel
Reality she did reveal,
 And all is done.

Thus some by Death will disappear,
And some, though life has not to fear,
For us are lost—
“Saturnian work,” the ancients said,
The living parted, not the dead,
At priceless cost.

But still the heart cries, can it be?
For ever gone mysteriously,
What seem'd so sure?
Alas! alas! 'tis thus will fly
The joy of life before we die;
It can't endure.

To vanish in an instant so!
Our hearts entwined that used to grow,
How strange to sever!
But such is life; still, at our side,
These unseen dangers will abide;
No safety ever.

Some even pass to solitude,
Immersed in the vast multitude,
Like drops of dew
That fall upon the waters near,
And the same instant disappear
From human view.

So strangely wise deep sorrow grows,
When anxious to conceal its woes
 Among the crowd ;
There, finding in that ocean bed
A silent shade, where, as if dead,
 They have their shroud.

But pity, O sweet pity deep,
Can that again an instant sleep
 In heart thus torn ?
When all the while it too well knows
The secret cause of all her woes,
 In flight forlorn.

For lately an unwonted shade,
All careworn had her poor looks made,
 So pale and wan !
None knew the cause why she declined
To walk abroad with those inclined ;
 She dreaded one.

She fear'd to meet an enemy,
Coarse, bold, though smiling and so sly ;
 It was her fate !
Yes, one who call'd himself her friend,
Who still pursued a fiendish end,
 From ancient date.

At length her strange, half-frantic tone,
Caused all the secret to be known;
 She fled the place;
Secured the kind of home she sought,
Where she would see no more, she thought,
 That dreadful face.

To-day escaped, ecstatic, glad;
To-morrow, found out, frighten'd, sad,
 Again to fly
The new home that she thought secure,
Such changes she can't more endure,
 She'd rather die.

Unknown the struggles she has made
To fly from that detested shade
 Around her cast.
Where'er she turns, in search of rest,
A life that may with peace be bless'd,
 It follows fast.

Yet each time it was sweet to see
How well arranged her home could be,
 With beauty clad;
How she could find a place for all,
Adapted both for great and small
 Of what she had.

For Nature searches thus and strives,
While hope in youth so long survives,
 But it must fall !
It skills not longer to contend,
She sees of visions bright the end ;
 So fade will all.

Thus persecuted, follow'd ever,
Concealment past all her endeavour,
 So hunted down !
Oh, cruel wrench for nature kind,
To leave whate'er she loved behind,
 Her native town !

To leave for a far-distant shore,
Familiar things to see no more,
 Where tempests howl !
So young, scarce fledged from London's nest,
To be denied all placid rest,
 Alone to prowl !

To hear alone the sea-bird's scream,
The joys of youth reserved to dream,
 And all for you !
With no protection she would claim,
Through fear to use another's name,
 So constant, true !

Self-sacrificing, past and gone !
While life in both is stealing on,
 She leaves no trace;
Beyond all reach her track shall be,
For she would have another free,
 Forget her face !

Forget ! Oh, kind and cruel thought !
As if she would not still be sought
 In mind till death !
Yes, wept for, cherish'd past compare,
Still living, smiling, ever there,
 To latest breath !

Well, say on ; true, 'tis in a fault
The cause of grief is found when sought;
 But who the stone
Will cast at this poor victim fair,
That stands, a man confronted there
 With her alone ?

A fault, 'tis true, but stay your tongue,
Her woes began when she was young;
 Yes, left to die
Without a father's tender care,
A poor deserted mother there
 Her tears to dry.

A mother indigent, forlorn,
Who sees her loved child from her torn,
Both left alone ;
The child devoted to her ever,
Though cruel need the twain will sever,
To reap what's sown.

A mother ever in her heart,
To whom she would her all impart,
When aught was found—
Her weekly roof, her daily bread,
Without her, viewing all with dread
She own'd around.

Oh, woe, alas ! and what are we,
Such failings then unmoved to see,
With sternest eye ?
When angels' tears perhaps will blot,
Efface the sole offending spot
You can descry.

Commiseration, holy, mild,
For such a stricken, helpless child,
Oh, who can pay?
The debt too vast for human force,
In Heaven there is the last resource,
When Time's away.

In Heaven—But shall we meet again,
No more to part with tears and pain?
Life evermore!
Be that our final rendezvous,
Let us that great last end pursue,
And thither soar.

THE LOVER'S SORROW¹.

CAST down, abandon'd to his fate,
Walk'd one despairing, low,
On whom all sorrows seem'd to wait,
In this his new, forlorn state,
Blighted, vaguely desolate,
Within, one rooted woe.

For now was vanish'd, seen no more,
Through adverse fate constrain'd,
The star on which he loved to pore,
Whose silent beams delighted more
Than the world's proudest store,
Though he the whole had gain'd.

What sorrows can the heart contain
Within its narrow tomb!
So limited for all the rest,
With such poor scanty streamlets bless'd!
With such small joy full and press'd;
For sorrows always room.

¹ Suggested by the same narrative.

But Love is infinite, you know,
In light as well as shade ;
So when its pleasures cease to flow,
And joy no more it can bestow,
Blight upon the heart will show,
And all its tints must fade.

An instance this for lovers' ears,
Which they will not disdain ;
In real life it thus appears,
To draw some sympathetic tears,
When a heart that's tender hears
Of such unrivall'd pain.

See how the wanderer foregoes
His wonted tasks and dear,
In silence brooding o'er his woes,
Such dreary gloom one absence throws
On what Nature still bestows !
Such dying sounds to hear !

For neighbourhood with her so sweet
Each day he will recall,
By haunting park, or hill, or street,
Where her blithe image he may meet,
Within mind that sad retreat,
Though yielding now his all.

To view that blue, deep-wooded hill,
Where they would often stray,
Seems now to aid his constant will,
That he may see and hear her still,
Sauntering or reposing till
The fall of evening ray.

'Tis much the paths to follow so,
On which her feet have trod,
Familiar still to keep and grow
With spots where they would stray or row,
Ranging, whisp'ring soft and low,
Stream, street, or verdant sod.

But landscape with one loved entwined,
When seen again alone,
Without her, deeply wounds your mind,
It cheats, for her you do not find,
Seems unnatural, unkind,
Emitting hollow moan.

Without her, as by some decree
Attach'd unto the ground,
Whatever beauty there he'd see,
But proved how changed it all could be,
Though the same for you and me
The objects show around.

And yet, beneath a morning's sky,
The air perfumed with flowers,
He says, "I'll for a moment try
If no faint spark I can descry,
Fire that will never die,
To light my wither'd bowers.

"She's gone; but still on earth she dwells,
On her the sun will shine,
The flowers around her with their bells,
The bee that flies from honied cells,
Bird that love and rapture tells,
As when she once was mine.

"She sees the smiles of human kind,
She hears the laugh of youth,
To Nature's beauty never blind,
She feeds her gentle, quiet mind,
With what elsewhere she can find,
The nearest shade to truth.

"She sees the ocean's crested waves,
That on those rocks will roar,
Consorts with tenderness which saves,
With conscience which the tempest braves,
While it still the loudest raves,
With Time just as of yore.

“ She sees the hills and dales that smile
As when we walk'd alone,
The garden, wood, or rustic stile,
As when we stray'd for many a mile,
Joy and love would us beguile,
Ere life was bitter grown.

“ Yes, when, as in the simple song,
We sat upon the hill,
And talk'd, and look'd, and smiled so long,
So merry with a merry throng,
Seeing, thinking nothing wrong,
Yet never talk'd our fill.

“ She sees the clouds that deck the sky,
The tints of gold, the blue,
Perhaps she wishes there to fly
Where never more the heart will sigh,
Love and bliss will never die,
Where all at last is true.

“ Then why should my lone heart despair?
Nor feel this genial ray?
Since both of us may yet be there,
And her I should an instant spare,
Time away so soon will wear,
And bliss with both will stay.

"And what is life an instant here?

Why selfish in my love?

In all around she can appear,

In music that she loved to hear,

In these sweet bowers ever near,

In clouds that float above.

"Let love still glow, then, ever bright,

No more from me this tear ;

Though silent, and removed from sight,

She can be present day and night,

No shore far for true hearts' flight,

She still is ever near.

"No precious things with us remain,

But absence waits for all;

'Tis simply idle to complain,

To raise a wild, pathetic strain ;

Shouts for more are all in vain,

The curtain needs must fall.

"It quickly hides the good and great;

Just ask where they are now !

Accomplish'd you will hear their fate,

Perhaps already out of date;

Nought has an abiding state,

Whatever be your vow.

“Then wonder not if lovers fail
To see each other long,
Since time and tide must soon prevail;
Like me you may lament and wail,
Hint your sad and mournful tale,
Attempt a Lydian song.

“But then let this be still the end
Of such pathetic cries,
That she who was your faithful friend,
With whom you hoped this life to spend,
Finally with you must wend,
Where true love never dies.”

He ceased, and homewards took his way,
And still the same forlorn,
Resign'd to leave his wearied clay,
O yes! to hail the welcome day,
When souls with each other stay
That here till death were torn.

ON PITY.

On a drear winter's night,
For ever from my sight
Fled one past common moulding, gentle, fair,
All steep'd from youth in woes,
Inured to Fortune's blows,
And still resign'd her dangers fresh to dare,
To speed where all was strange, unknown,
And leave whate'er she loved, to her familiar grown.

Alas! midsummer's dream!
'Tis thus that you did seem
When first we met and thought this life secure.
Now pale and frighten'd, cold,
With griefs to scare the bold,
You find the joys of life will not endure;
'Tis winter doubly now for you
When Hope's bright visions pass, and leave that
night in view.

O Pity! thou art strange
When thou dost backward range,
And strike so deeply with thy gentle dart.
Let others seek to praise
Bright, mirthful, pleasant ways,
'Tis thou alone art mistress of my heart,
To what is present wholly blind,
And deaf as if alone thou sole wert heard in mind.

Thou still canst ever see
What is denied to me,
The face, the character, and vision whole,
The sweet and tender gleams,
Yes, softer than our dreams,
Each gesture which denotes the placid soul;
More tender than all earthly light,
Thou dwellest near to her who is removed from
sight.

Let music play around,
Let dancers touch the ground,
Let mirth and beauty spread their allurements
near,
'Tis then that thou art strong,
Recalling tears and wrong;
Once more at thy command she must appear,
In fading evanescent colours pale,
As if some wandering shade in Dante's solemn tale.

Thou art entwined with flowers,
Still haunting pleasant bowers;
The path, the garden, and the fields are thine.
The street where she did dwell
By thee remember'd well,—
Whate'er was seen or used while she was mine
Are now alone reserved for thee;
So thou hast thus the whole, and nought is left for
me.

But, Pity, thou art frail,
Thou canst not long prevail,
Thy spells seem weaker than a young life's dream:
'Tis true she re-appears,
And flow our inward tears,
But quicker than the lightning's fitful gleam
She yields the place to those around,
Where I, like her, and lost, am silent standing found.

O Pity, be more kind
To hearts of flesh and mind;
For I must think thy force can stronger be :
Bind fast our giddy will,
That we may see her still,
Though distant, near with tender mystery;
That nought in mind from me may sever
Her, aye so gentle, true, with whom I would be
ever.

For, Pity, thou art sweet,
For transports even meet,
None can pierce deeper to the fond heart's core ;
All other joys are pale
When thou wilt tell thy tale,
And nought besides I prize or ask for more;
When, indistinct in pallid light,
Thou canst with potent spell recall the lost to sight.

O Pity, stay till death,
And mingle with our breath
When parting, as we take our unknown way;
For if thou art our friend,
More safe will be our end;
United with us on that fearful day,
When those who knew thy tearful sigh,
May find thee there enthroned, that they may never
die.

THE IDEAL³.

IDEAL Beauty, Love, and Joy,
On these I would the Muse employ,
To comfort me.

Oh, true, we need their glorious show,
Such shades are cast on all below,
We think we see!

Thus Beauty for a moment blooms,
And then in looks the future looms,
When all will be
Hollow'd, and shrunken, solemn grown,
Responsive to a secret moan,—
Time's mystery.

Love,—Oh! that I could silence keep,
And let this bitter secret sleep,—
But what art thou?
Too oft a flimsy cloak but made
For one who will be soon betray'd
With broken vow.

And Joy! aye true, 'tis best to smile
At what so often did beguile
With hollow sound.
Yes, now that we have felt how vain
Has proved its mirthful, playful strain,
While heard around.

³ Suggested by the same narrative.

But let the pure ideal rise
To greet your vacant, sadden'd eyes,
 And then will gleam
With truth what did enchant your heart,
When some brief shadow did impart
 A summer's dream.

Then Beauty ever fair will rise,
True loveliness that never dies :
 Forms, colours, air,
The very types whose mouldings least
For instants yielded such a feast
 With radiance rare

That you forgot the whole world wide,
If on one object at your side
 You yet could gaze;
Then what must that ideal prove,
Serene abiding there above,
 Where Beauty stays ?

But Love—Oh, wake, Uranian lyre,
And kindle endless, fond desire,
 Ideal bond;
Oh, sing what can be even here,
And ever to your bosom near—
 And what's beyond.

Yes, near you—'tis no empty boast;
For what you now would cherish most
 Is in your mind;
The visible owes all its force
To this sweet, inward, constant source,
 Where all you find.

Unseen, unheard, is what you love,
Wherever you may fondly rove
 With quenchless thirst;
The love that in your heart you feel,
Which no soft tones can all reveal,
 From that must burst.

To clothe with beauty what you see,
To make ethereal harmony,
 To grant the fair
That goodness of all joy the test,
When hearts may find their deepest rest,
 Contented there.

And Love with its poor, flickering flame,
When here it would not end in shame,
 Must mingled be
With this Ideal pure and high,
Which wards off the unfruitful sigh
 By constancy.

Suspicion ! Oh, thou hateful guest,
To change to hell a quiet breast,
 Suggesting doubt—
Yes, doubts of innocence, to draw
Some doubts of what you heard and saw,
 On which to pout !

Thou monster ! cursed, hasty, blind,
Avaunt, thy mean and narrow mind,
 That cannot see
How in one soft and quiet look
Far more than e'er was writ in book
 Lay certainty !

I hate thy fancied widest range
Which conjures up the base and strange
 With demon's spell,
When simply a good honest heart
Recoils from thy insidious dart,
 To think all's well.

Oh, welcome, sweet Ideal pure,
That makest all things true and sure,
 Myself so blest !
While trusting eyes, impassion'd tones,
Believing tears, and soft heart's moans,
 Thus yielding rest.

Yet imperfection is our lot,
Affection fervent, constant not
While here below.
We must suppose, hope, and believe,
Yes, even when the fond deceive,
Or all is woe.

Then see how the ideal plays
A gracious part in all our ways,
To make Love stay;
" 'Tis sorrow, circumstance," it cries,
Not choice perverse to cause surprise,
When Love will stray.

Yes, nothing wrong will now appear,
That merits not a pitying tear
For what befell;
The love so human then survives,
The joy of nature then revives,
Ideal spell.

So all the love for which you rave,
And would so many dangers brave,
Must be in you;
In vain you'd seek it whole, entire,
From what's without, and fond admire,
And think it true.

No human heart can comprehend
The energies divine you spend
 In love with one;
But with ideal love inspired,
You have the foretaste you desired,
 Though all is gone.

Ideal Love, forgiving made,
Will never own itself betray'd;
 Not to deceive;
But always it will keep in view
Whate'er in those you thought untrue
 Makes them to leave.

Ingratitude! unheard-of things,
It can escape from all with wings,
 A lover still;
It sees not what is base and vile,
Intended others to beguile,
 But honest will.

And patient, merciful, benign,
All selfishness it will resign,
 To view alone
The chain of adverse fortune cast,
Emerging from dark depths long past
 Around them thrown.

Besides, not what they thought was found
In you they leave, though darksome ground
 May see them fall;
For both have their ideal left,
Of which they may not be bereft,
 And that's their all.

For they, too, what's ideal sought,
And though by sorrow helpless brought,
 They seem to fail;
'Tis tangled links that you should blame,
The real cause of all this shame,
 And not the frail.

While loving that ideal pure,
Their love for you must still endure,
 If only you
Have met their fondest, best desires,
By loving that which never tires,
 The good and true.

But Love Ideal still will rise
Beyond the region of these cries
 Which us assail,
When showing earthly love must be
But vain in what we hear and see,
 Of small avail.

It rises to those realms high,
Where nothing good or fair will die,
 But all is found
That, with immortal types once fed,
Has there no longer aught to dread
 From earthly sound;

Where hearts that find a true release,
Regarding with content and peace,
 With smiles the past,
Are to each other more endear'd
For what so grievous once appear'd,—
 At rest at last.

For ever there the once breathed tone
Inspired by the type alone
 Is heard with love;
There never more will fly or fade
That love, eternal fondness made
 In God above.

But now, O Muse, of joys of earth
Come trace for us the rise and birth,
 That we may know
When dancing rise gay sport and youth,
That only the Ideal's truth
 While pleasures flow.

O heart, how potent is thy spell,
A mortal tongue can never tell
 When joy will shine,
The start upon a sweet May morn,
The rest at eve beneath the thorn,
 With her that's thine !

The straying with her o'er the heather,
While singing, playing, both together,
 A Summer's day;
The gliding o'er the crystal stream,
So happy, it will seem a dream,
 When fairies play.

I will not sing of other joys,
Which youth for pastime still employs
 To spend the hours;
For what I've sung exceeds, I own,
All else around me ever grown
 In joy's bright showers.

Well, know then, mortal pleased and fond,
In that lay something far beyond
 What met the eye,
Enwrapt, though fancy was so sweet,
To watch the springing, spangled feet,
 Or aught else nigh.

The charm there still was in your mind,
Although ungrateful and unkind
 You felt the whole ;
Disowning all the real force,
Which yielded you that limpid source,
 Your noble soul.

That headlong joy upon the wing
Of which I feebly try to sing,
 Flew high above ;
It rested not upon the earth,
It own'd a true celestial birth,
 Immortal love.

The beauty spread so fair around,
Acknowledged no contracted bound,
 But endless space ;
It lured you ever from the spot,
To distant ground where you were not—
 Incessant race.

'Twas not the grove with fields between,
It was a true celestial sheen
 That drew you on ;
'Twas not the perfume of the air
That made you think that scene so fair,
 'Twas Heaven that shone.

Nay more, that soft and gentle face,
In which you love and goodness trace,
 On which you pore,
Derives its calm and tender tints
From what the true existence hints,
 Bliss evermore.

Those accents sweet, that loving sigh,
Enchantment, yet still not so nigh
 As then you thought;
Your fancy lured you, not your sight,
Towards that sweet morn of endless light,
 When joy you sought.

That calm of undisturb'd consent,
That pure resolve of high intent
 Which did not cease,
Was but an emanation pure,
From what with angels will endure
 In endless peace.

A joy unmix'd with the Ideal,
Can never prove intense or real,
 Felt here below ;
It never sinks into the heart;
It often proves a poison'd dart;
 Yes, even so.

Then when this joy from you will fly,
Oh ! never so despairing sigh ;
 The type remains ;
But cling to the Ideal then,
For nothing else abides with men,
 Or life sustains.

Those palaces, thou fair one, bright,
Enchantment through the darksome night,
 The songs, the dance—
In them too the Ideal reign'd,
'Twas that which all your strength sustain'd,
 And did entrance.

That eve, when to the gardens fair,
To flow'rets we did both repair,
 Amidst the crowd ;
The pleasure was not in the eye,
Nor yet in what stood smiling by,
 So many proud ;

'Twas that which led us once to rove,
To seek the arbour's shady grove,
 The lake so clear ;
The need of an Ideal scene,
Harmonious with true bliss serene,
 For ever near.

Then farewell, Annie, so depart,
And take with thee the better part,
And what's divine.
Yes, wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
To me in mind for ever nigh,
Thou still art mine.

Though lost for life below with me,
While gain'd for the Ideal free,
I should rejoice
That thou art thus already freed
From imperfection's growing seed,
A lasting choice.

Seen clothed with that robe spotless here,
As when above thou may'st appear,
Glad, loving, fair,
For ever happy and unchanged,
Around thee all perfection ranged,
Immortal there.

TIME—*Evening.*

SCENE—*The Church in the distance, from which rise the
hymns for NONES and VESPERE.*

NONES.

O GOD, of things the strength and nerve,
In Thyself unmoved remaining,
While ruling ever to preserve,
All with tides of time sustaining :

Vouchsafe to shed an evening light,
 By which our life may never fail,
 While endless glory, shining bright,
 Will over vanquish'd Death prevail.

To God the Father, glory be,
 And to the Blessed Trinity,
 The same now and eternally,
 From men and from the angels free.

VESPERS.

Of light Creator great and best,
 Dispensing beams of cheerful day,
 As when producing all the rest,
 "Let man live here," Thou first didst say—

That morning join'd to evening fair,
 Should constitute the day for all,
 And chaos should no more be there—
 Hear now our sighs as tears will fall,

Lest mind oppress'd with crimeful stain
 From life an exile e'er should be,
 While nought eternal, all things vain,
 Should be its food right viciously,

Should close for it the heavenly door,
The vital gift then cast away ;
May what is hurtful ever more
Be far from us, nor evil stay.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to the Blessed Trinity,
The same now and eternally,
From men and from the angels free⁴.

SCENE—*The Fields.*

THE FRENCH CHAPEL⁵.

Now evening succeeds with its bright, gorgeous hues,
Light clouds scarcely move through the tender
green sky,
A sweet placid languor now all life subdues,
The dove and the rook to woods homeward will fly.

Decline will still follow the progress of years,
You trace it on all sides wherever you roam,
Yet of old Christian faith the work still appears,
To the hearts of the thoughtful eye yielding a
home.

⁴ Translated from the Roman Office.

⁵ King Street, Portman Square.

Yes, "home," and too truly at times for the world,
Since this so contents them 'midst sad social strife,
That careless they witness how down all are hurl'd,
Who sought in its interests the safety of life.

Days of faith, it is true, saw interests combined,
The best men then bravely appear'd in the van,
But now all is changed, and old Christendom mined,
And oft now to shelter is all that they can.

But look here on each side, resuming my strain,
What deep roots of old things are spread far
around,
How Faith has constructed what might long
remain,
So deeply entwined and attach'd to the ground !

Still ruin glides in, for a long while unseen,
Then old walls will crumble, and stately roofs
fall,
The choir with brambles is now matted green,
And ruthless decay sets its stamp on them all.

The tempest, the flood, stealthy time, or the fire,
Have changed many fair scenes that once could
delight,
While man, more relentless, in no age will tire,
Converting to ruins what once cheer'd his sight.

Yet thrice hallow'd places, for grace set apart,
In regions abandon'd can often be found,
While towns have these fountains assuaging the
heart,
To sanctify districts ignoble around.

Time's wrecks left on hill-tops, or standing alone,
On wastes, where some ancient great city had
been,
In fields, where new suburbs around them have
grown,
Some hoary old temple is still to be seen.

I'll sing of a chapel thus formèd of old,
Confessors from France raised it such as you
see,
In archives of heaven the whole tale is enroll'd,
A legend of faith and of soft mystery.

For driven, as exiles, to wander and mourn,
On earth their keen sorrow was never to cease;
But here they could never feel wholly forlorn,
For here they could worship in rapture and peace.

Great pontiffs and nobles, the humble and low,
To whom was left nothing but only to fly,
Found graces unthought of whose hopes were
wreck'd so,
And woes of their country prepared them to die.

The poet of Greece was delighted to soar
Round temples of Athens in luminous air,
But here the grave Muses might feel all the more
Transported when seeing these porches more fair.

If grandeur of spirit and joys of the heart
Could yield them at moments a heavenly fire,
These walls, though so humble, might genius impart,
And tones more than earthly create and inspire.

For lo! from the tempest of horrors now fled,
And terror's fell reign which had mark'd them
to die,
Sweet flow'rets of Paradise here were all spread,
The fragrance of heaven each day to supply.

Surrounded with all that can sweeten our days,
Quite peaceful with friends in our country so dear,
These flowers surpass all that each mind surveys,
Forgetting the rest when these once will appear.

We still loving France, seen in happier days,
Seem here to fly back to that bright, pleasant shore;
The priest and the swift rite that each eye surveys,
Can make us remember its joys all the more.

'Tis Paris, 'tis Lyons, 'tis Bordeaux around,
The chant wings our thoughts back to find our-
selves there;
Things once dear to our youth around us abound,
France, faithful and loyal, we see here in prayer.

Then how must the exile have triumph'd in soul,
And raised up once more his poor white stricken
head,
When here he recover'd the best of the whole,
And found that mere frailties only were dead.

Yet why sing these contrasts, but shadows at best?
Are not all of us exiles 'midst peace and delight?
Oh! where can the happiest find their sole rest,
Unless in approaching this focus of light?

That earth has its charms 'twere vain to deny;
That days of enjoyment may even abound;
But here, though for instants, and mix'd with a
sigh,
Are raptures that elsewhere can never be found.

Yes, instants, the *salut* endureth no more,
It passes so quickly that moment of grace!
But nothing on earth from our life's richest store,
Of heaven's own sweetness exhales such a trace.

Then yield, O ye Muses, thus vanquish'd by love,
The triumph of angels exceeds all your might,
When mortals are winged to seek realms above,
And soar beyond all that to you is in sight.

Decay has its limits; this chapel so small
Contains and produces what that will defy,
Our country eternal, our friends, above all,
The hope and the transports that never will die.

ALL SOULS'.

Now evening speaks serene and solemn things,
But where is not a symbol of our life?
Which gentle contemplation sometimes brings
To calm our pains and soothe us from the strife.

Another year—again comes round the day.
When Paris, clad in black, will seek the dead,
To visit graves, and for the souls to pray,
With love inspirèd o'er each solemn bed.

This theme shows, like an ancient mystery,
Tender and solemn, dearest to the heart,
Full of peace and sweetest melancholy,
Of life's great tragedy the grandest part.

A highway straight, now throng'd, leads to the
field

And that hill-side where the loved friends all sleep;
'Tis lined with garlands, symbols that can yield
Bright presents for the dead from those who
weep.

Each side shows one broad line of gorgeous hue,
The centre is a black and moving mass
Of those who love, whose hearts are ever true,
As none can doubt who stand to see them pass.

One bears a shrub to plant beside a grave,
Another, some fair image of a saint—
Our Lady dear, or Him who wills to save
All those who struggle on their way so faint.

Ah! what a deep and tender thought is here,
Death reigns no more where Christ and Mary
'bide;
Oh, brother, sister, let me wipe the tear,
And place this holy image by their side.

Itself a vanity like flowers frail,
But then denoting power from on high,
To cause that evil never shall prevail
O'er those who, faithful, humbly sank to die.

Crowns of immortals other hands convey
To father, mother, sister, brother, friend,
Such words inscribed denote for whom they pray;
But now arrived, their steps have reach'd the
end.

We enter; all is silence, calm, around;
Each group, dispersing, seeks its special tomb,
With steps and looks denoting holy ground;
For thoughts of peace now minds have only room.

In autumn, brilliant glows the evening cloud;
The ground is strew'd with leaves, brown, yellow, red;
They fall on tombs and on the passing crowd,
Sport of the wind, and they too likewise dead.

Uptorn, aloft, or dancing, whirl'd around,
Now cluster'd in each nook and nestling deep,
Purple and orange tints deck all the ground,
Of weeds, leaves, tangled sprays, a ruin'd heap.

Now soaring downwards to the wild wind's sigh,
Then once more rising towards their native
bough,
Reluctant half each leaf appears to die,
But fall it must, the ground awaits it now.

The marble tombs receive the evening ray,
The lamps within still cast their ruddy light;
The cross "*spes unica*," all seem to say,
Stands where shades thicken for the sable night.

• Beyond the highest ground, exposed to sun,
North avenues look open to the cold;
There the stern winter seems to have begun,
And of dull secrets somewhat to have told.

The rose leaves pave the slabs and ground below,
The boughs, half naked, now are stripping fast,
Some loathly weeds as if by stealth will grow;
A whistling murmur makes you stand aghast.

But straying silent with the pensive throng,
True friendship hovers through the sacred air;
Harmonious echoes roll a distant song,
And hearts feel peace they never found till there.

Oh, see that maiden with averted face,
Who tried to kneel till overcome and faint,
An aged friend sustains, with fond embrace,
The sinking frame, as if a guardian saint.

Then with a school of youths, in order slow,
Walk two companions with their floral crown,
On whom the rest would sympathy bestow;
All kneel; while love's poor gifts are then laid
down.

Now pass within that alley's lonely shade;
A father kneels, with him a comely lad,
And daughter, too, each somewhat timid made,
To think that strangers should behold them sad.

They pray ; their eyes are bright with smother'd
tears ;
Those passing feel a deep and loving grief,
A mother lost, so plainly then appears ;
In heart to kiss them, is to find relief.

The woes of others, oft more than their own,
Will find men soft to feel like kindred clay,
While, wreck'd themselves, and long since callous
grown,
They seem to pass unmoved upon their way.

Deep grief in strongest hearts is as a mine,
Where all is hollow'd, although nought appears ;
In common life the surface shows no sign,
But here it breaks down with a gush of tears.

Then, stooping low, what grave is this I see ?
With fresh bright crowns, Love's true hand has
been here.
Ah ! doubtless it is some young sanctity,
Some maid affianced, or some youth most dear !

Nay, these sweet flowers, lately planted, strewn,
Bespeaking thus a love so fresh and true,
Are for a sire aged,—his years on stone
Inscribed, exceeding sixty, for your view.

Then here's an ancient tomb, and still more strange,
Some forty years within its tenant sleeps,
Yet are there hands these roses fresh to range
Around the stone where thus fond mem'ry keeps.

And here, again, it was a sinking life
Of nearly fourscore years that is recall'd ;
Yet Love survives, with time itself at strife,
Nor ever with its long past course appall'd.

Then who should old age still persist to hate,
Thus cherish'd and mourn'd like the young in
years ?
Oh, mental charm knows of no figured date,
Nor is it lost when beauty disappears.

But let us stray and follow with the crowd ;
How grand those temples with their columns high !
And yet the lowly slab exceeds the proud,
For still more there the gentle kneel and sigh.

No child's pet garden tended on with care
Displays more beauty than each quiet grave ;
A grove of flowers all collected there
Bends to the autumn breeze, a colour'd wave.

These gifts so "vain," as call'd on classic page,
Are yet the acts of a determined will;
As such deep grief of heart they can assuage,
Their useless sweetness though acknowledged still.

Gifts to the dead, but only for the heart
That beats with fond remembrance of its love,
The prayer unseen remains the better part,
Received for them by Him who reigns above.

In England some deny all deathless ties;
But Love, like Faith, yields fruits that never
change;
And so poor friends, when some obscure one dies,
Will here through tombs and groups of cypress
range.

Ah, well, it cheers the heart to think a day
May come when some we loved so well below,
All slyly pensive, to our grave will stray,
To stand there silent for a moment so.

We cling to life within a human heart
Still breathing here in which we might remain,
As in a summer bower's deepest part,
Where floral perfumes shelter'd ever reign.

Soft feet once loved we fancy we could hear,
With steps so light around our darksome bed;
One sigh from friends, methinks, escaping near,
Would bring back feeling to the mould'ring dead.

Ah! heed not those who tell you to despise
The spot of earth where dust alone is left;
When Nature speaks, it is not always wise
Of her kind teaching to be quite bereft.

But now the night's dark heralds pass us by
In deeper shadows and a greyer light,
The lofty marbles losing from the sky
The rosy lustre which was erst so bright.

The living stream would bear us from the dead;
A final ling'ring look we backward cast;
What deep repose o'er each far lonely bed,
Where wonted stillness reigns again at last!

The crescent moon, so pale in evening light,
Will soon throw rays upon each sculptured stone,
The silver birch will spread her branches white,—
Trees are live tenants that the dead will own.

But yet it seems no more that "dread abode"
Which poets name it in harmonious verse;
It rather seems a wild, attractive road,
Of what some think it strictly the reverse.

To die, in ancient language, is to be
What many, while they live, desire most,—
Joinèd in fact with the majority;
So here the very dead like you can boast.

The crowd, withdrawn, has left the sacred grove,
But somehow not as yet the vision ends;
For now we feel, as onwards still we rove,
As if the dead had made the living friends.

As when a troop of guests together leave
The portals of a wise and gracious host,
Some friendly chat they still will love to weave,
And speak of what had moved and charm'd them
most.

So here we follow, and we speak with eyes
To all thus passing friendly at our side;
Each living face we seem still more to prize,
While death from us its beauty will not hide.

A change resistless steals upon the mind;
For Death and Peace have somehow become one;
Though solemn lessons in the grave we find,
This rest we hope for when our course is done.

RETROSPECTS.

Now farewell to light,
Though the sun still bright
In wide liquid glory will sink o'er the lake;
It soon will be night,
And only but right,
All pensive, the twilight way homewards to take.

When grows life stalest,
When its sun palest,
Oh, what is the thought that surpasses all woe ?
When friends are fewest,
And those griefs newest,
And when you foresee life no more will bestow.

Oh, now tell me why
So often you sigh ?
Why thus you sit silent and thoughtful apart ?
It is that I die,
However I try,
Yes, daily, when fresh sorrow comes to my heart.

When each new hope fails,
And nothing avails,
While vain you would realize what you love best,
Then life only trails,
Some change it quite hails,
Though even through anguish to pass to its rest.

When looking around,
But few things are found
Just what to have them you think all should try,
Few things wholly sound,
With each in its bound,
Then murmur you will not, but still you must sigh.

When Faith seems to fade,
The Church all betray'd,
With nations and rulers all standing cool by;
Her foes joyful made,
Them few to upbraid,
With nothing left staid,
Believe me, 'tis then that you'd sink down to die.

I fly to my bower
When times thus will lour,
To think of the poets and sages I knew,
Whewell, Wordsworth, and Hare,
Oh, such friends are rare,
Those days that futurity cannot renew.

Wise Griffiths, and Scott,
Can these be forgot?
Sage Bramstone, or later, De Nancy's great priest,
Or old seigneurs grave,
With admirals brave;
Who all from this bondage of earth are released.

'Tis thus with us all;
Our friends quickly fall;
The young, and the noble, the sweet, and yet wise.
We try to recall;
The solace is small;
Since daily the fondest and merriest dies.

For those left seem cold ;
'Tis not as of old ;
Still must you wander on, no dear friend nigh.
Of poor human mould,
Your grief can't be told;
So daily, as Paul said, yes, daily you die.

'Tis youth that has flown,
No longer your own;
To see how all pass you occasions surprise.
You grieve, or you start,
While you read in your heart,
That there love and tenderness still never dies.

You have been beguiled
By one who still smiled,
While yet to forgive and look cheerful you try;
Though humble and mild,
With tastes like a child,
'Tis daily, as Paul said, yes, daily you die.

You found with delight
A book, noble, bright,
Upraised your mind, the tears fell from your eye;
The author could write,
With heart black as night,
They told you that all truths he loved to deny.

So rapture was fond,
A mere magic wand,
Though used by the sprite that you thought soar'd
so high;
Then now you despond,
For snapt is the bond,
And you who admired have only to sigh.

You thought that at last
Your roving were past,
And that home would cheer thenceforth your care-
worn eye;
But sorrows came fast,
Vexations were vast,
While farthest from home all your loved ones would
fly.

I fortune defied,
Those dear to me died;
Oh, who more disconsolate, lonely than I?
With all my fond pride,
It can't be denied
That daily, as Paul said, yes, daily I die.

Yet some one would stay
Like Love on your way;
Then she that was faithful needs too must depart.
Oh ! what tongue can say
The grief you must pay
When thus hopeless, forlorn, remains your dead heart?

My heart only knows
The sorrow that grows
When some sweet beloved friend no longer is nigh;
But these are the blows
Surpassing all shows,
Which prove that, as Paul saith, 'tis daily I die.

Yet such grief, we're told,
Can beauty unfold
In minds that will all other sorrow defy.
The comfort is cold
When all we behold
Is absence that teaches us daily to die.

How Nature is kind
To train so the mind,
Thus prompting the daily and sorrowful sigh;
That you may thus find
Nought thenceforth to bind
Fond you, whose true home should be up in the sky.

Avaunt, then, complaints,
Cry frailest with saints,
Thither, oh, thenceforth it is both that would fly;
Since here still below
It ever is so,
For mortally wounded each day we must die.
And daily, yes, daily, as Paul said, we die.

ST. COLUMBA⁶.

THE hour now suggests a song
That suits a holy choir,
Of deeds which did to faith belong
When grace found men devoted, strong,
Light to spread, and combat wrong,
Inflamed with seraph's fire.

I love to think, with fancy free,
How St. Columba fled
To islands in the dreary sea,
Where holy men might ever be
Glorious lights of sanctity,
Fires o'er the ocean shed.

From schools renown'd of grave Clonard,
The glorious exile came,
A plaintive, half-despairing bard,
Lamenting his own fate so hard,
Which his vision all had marr'd,
While causing scathe and shame.

That love of country served him well;
Its sorrows changed his fate;
When thenceforth, in a distant cell,
On foreign shores he had to dwell,
Truths of Christian faith to tell—
A meek apostle great.

⁶ From Montalembert, *Les Moines d'Occident*, tome iii.

Iona had her fleet of hides
To speed across the waves;
The monks will brave the boiling tides,—
Within their hearts such faith abides.
Tempest-tost their vessel rides,
To spread the light that saves.

So oft that Caledonian shore
Where gulfs to mountains howl,
Sees close amidst the breaker's roar,
And screaming birds that wildly soar,
Like a foam the tempest bore
These spectres with a cowl.

The seed of life must far be sown,
They traverse regions vast;
'Midst seas' and forests' mournful groan,
Where Nature wears so grave a tone,
Solace for no eye can own,
Their barks or feet have pass'd.

For them fierce Correwreken stays
His spell to let them pass;
St. Kilda's Isle the saint surveys;
They heed not dark and wildest days,
They see the savage Hebrides,
And Skye's rude, dreary mass.

Alike to them to row or sail,
Each rock so well they know;
Who seeks to hear romantic tale,
Will find all other legends stale,
Seeing once these galleys frail
Brave wildest perils so.

The saint who Caledonia gain'd,
Rows hard with all the rest,
For by no prayers could be restrain'd,
When seeing how his fellows strain'd,
Still by sense of duty chain'd,
That monk so holy, blest.

Yet once when danger stared around,
They made him stay his hands,
His prayers, they said, were stronger found,
Their hopes had firmer, surer ground,
When alone to prayer, as bound,
The Monk Apostle stands.

But mark the spirit, loving, brave,
Which moves within their breast;
For lo! a monster from the wave,
From whom no mortal strength could save,
Rising near them, seems to rave,
Yet still their heart's at rest.

Baithen was the monk, who said,
Encouraged by a nod,
“Why stop our course, or even dread?
Since after all, alive or dead,
Monsters in their ocean bed
Depend, like us, on God.”

But nearer let us view the man
Who all these wonders wrought;
The ways of peace he never ran
Until his mission high began;
Contests saw him in the van;
For whim or clan he fought.

True son of Erin in his mind,
And not indeed a dove
By nature, although always kind,
No braver hero you could find,
Never known to stay behind,
His valiant heart to prove.

What transformations in this soul
From days of early youth!
At first of passions high the whole
You see in deeds without control,
Through which light of virtues stole,
A thirst for good and truth.

With contrasts, contradictions wild,
'Tis Nature that you see;
Great faults and virtues her own child
Exhibits, being bold and mild,
But with no baseness e'er defiled,
Still generous and free.

Ah, well, I love this portrait grand,
The groundwork of a saint;
So now when he for Faith will stand,
How soon each heart will understand,
That beneath these colours bland
There's greatness without taint.

As when the royal robber flew
With pillage to the sea,
And aged Columba accents drew
Like swords to scare that wicked crew,
Walk'd within the waves to sue,
And their denouncer be.

O Christ, what wonders do we see
In him proceeding on,
Apostle to a savage shore,
And still holier now all the more
For all that he had been before,
When Heaven must be won!

His sanctity I must not sing,
Nor wonders that he wrought;
But low I'll skim with feeble wing,
To seize some humble, tiny thing,
Which to mind his deeds will bring,
Sweet, past the flight of thought.

For poets he will dangers brave,
And pass the seas so wild;
'Tis he who Celtic bards will save,
When Irish kings against them rave;
He so loves their tender stave,—
Of song he still is child.

He comes of that heroic race
Which Cadoc once had taught,
That science you can never trace,
If sons of poets you efface,
Who with science must keep pace,
Where light and truth are brought.

This light monastic from a cell,
Of laymen is the friend;
Of workmen he delights to tell,
He knows their manners all so well,
Deems it as a holy spell,
Which gains a blissful end.

“ From central part of Erin’s Isle
A toiling smith I see,”
He said, addressing monks the while;
“ That heart was set on nothing vile,
Working, nought could him beguile,
He flies to angels free.

“ Yes, even while I speak,” he said,
“ That honest soul must rise;
The neighbours say that he is dead,
But he above the skies is fled;
In Heaven henceforth is his bed,
And such is Labour’s prize.”

But this was still his constant way;
With workmen he would dwell;
With them he’d chat the live-long day;
With them he would be glad to pray;
Son of Kings, with them he’d play;
He loved the poor so well.

Of humble men he would be guest,
Familiar as a friend;
Beneath their roof he’d take his rest,
He loved their quiet, simple nest;
What can ever be more blest,
More safe from scatheful end ?

He wish'd to have no other food
But theirs, quite common, coarse;
And finding once, in dreary mood,
A woman on the rocks who stood
Bent, collecting herbage rude,
He felt a keen remorse.

That day he nothing else would eat
But what she gather'd there;
"Alas!" he cried, "can it be meet
That me, a monk, the rest should treat
With what near to this is sweet,
While she of all is bare?"

But all men would he love and serve;
The rich must have their share
In sympathies that may preserve,
Of help while straining all his nerve,
Spending life without reserve,
While dangers he would dare.

Princes and peasants had his prayer,
Who loved the great and small;
When Aidan show'd his children fair,
The saint complain'd, "all were not there,
To him Hector must repair,
The youngest of them all."

The child then jump'd upon his knee;
The king stood with the rest;
"Long life and reign thou both shalt see,
And leave a long posterity,"
Exclaim'd the saint right cheerfully,
And press'd him to his breast.

For women in their last distress
His heart was open whole;
So once he cried, "Let's God address
In prayer, that sorrows may not press
Long, nor with their weight oppress
That sweet and tender soul."

Their reading interrupted so,
While smiling on those near,
His monks to learn then were not slow,
How grace and love he would bestow
On Eve's daughter who shall know
The value of his fear.

Then still more each domestic feud
He labour'd to remove;
So hear what mostly then ensued,
Whene'er to make peace he was sued,
With such grace he was endued
To call back former love.

A pilot on a savage isle
Complain'd of his dark life;
For though without the smallest guile,
'Twas each day but the same sad style,
She who once loved would revile
Still him, his stern-grown wife.

The Abbot call'd her to his side ;
She heard him much complain;
"Command," she said, "it shall be tried,
Yes, in a convent I'll abide,
To Jerusalem I'll ride,
But ne'er be his again."

"Well," said the saint, "but let us three
Engage in fast and prayer."
They went with true humility;
Return'd, he ask'd with irony,
As he did things cheerfully,
To what cell she'd repair?

"To none," replied the wife, and smiled,
"I'm changed; the whole is said;
Though yesterday I was beguiled,
I know not how, I now am mild,
Love for him again's a child,
To live till I am dead."

Nor should I now forget to sing
 How all things he would love;
He said a crane with wearied wing,
Caught up within a tempest's ring,
Winds from Ireland would bring,
 Their friendliness to prove.

"So feed and keep her for three days,"
 He said, "then let her fly
Quick back to Erin, where she stays,
While loving well its sober rays,
Where too I began my days,
 Though there I must not die."

And all occur'd as he had said,
 The crane exhausted fell;
Recover'd, then away she sped,
After thrice circling o'er his head,
Straight across the ocean bed
 To fields she loved so well.

I might proceed with countless store
 Of deeds and counsels high,
All drawn from ancient volumes hoar,
On which when young I loved to pore,
Montalembert not even more,
 But here the end is nigh;

For now his course is nearly run,
No mortal light for ever !
Iona sees her setting sun,
His race majestic all but done,
Heaven thus so grandly won,
Again to rise there never !

Before great changes there is found
A moment of repose;
A peace most soft is shed around,
No movement busy—scarce a sound—
Angels seem to fan the ground;
What's coming no one knows.

'Twas so when from Iona's shore
Columba was to fly,
A glorious crown for him in store,
His voice was to be heard no more
On rocks loved in days of yore,
He only has to die.

That calm will never make him start,
Though he must leave his cell;
He knows himself about to part,
His fellow-monks are at his heart,
Fields themselves will joy impart,
To see them work so well.

For the scanty corn, far and wide,
Recalls things still so dear!
That aged horse he used to ride
Comes up so loving to his side;
Him he blesses without pride,
His thoughts are all so clear.

“Behold,” he said, “his plaintive gaze,
As if that horse foreknew
(What well may fill us with amaze)
The time precise his master stays,
Yes, the number of my days,
Which God conceals from you.”

Of nature thus he takes farewell;
He feels arrived the hour
When far above he has to dwell,
Beyond his dear, familiar cell,
Where so long he fought so well,
In Amaranthine Bower.

The minds of all were now aware
That long he could not stay;
Strange lights, they said, were in the air
O'er Himba's Isle where he'd repair,
Passing nights in lonely prayer—
For that had been his way.

And now within Iona's cell,
Returned there to die,
These lights around him shone as well,
As all who there with him did dwell
Could with joyful wonder tell;
'Twas clear his end was nigh.

Transcribing psalms, his old delight,
Quite suddenly he ceased ;
"Here ends," he said now, "all my might,
To finish here is only right,
Let's sing vigils of the night,
And thus be now released."

At midnight, ere the tapers show,
The first to hear the bell,
He knelt within the church all low,
The others follow'd, mourning so;
His hour come they now did know;
He pass'd—and all was well.

So now stretch'd on that humble bier,
With only monks around,
The Saint Apostle will appear,
No crowd enthusiastic near,
No great king to shed a tear,
But lonely on the ground.

For lo! his own prediction true
Was now beheld by all;
A tempest such as seldom blew,
Yes such as sailors scarcely knew,
During three days did ensue,
And stoutest hearts appal.

No bark could venture near that shore,
So there he lay alone!
The wild winds did unceasing roar,
The monks upon their books did pore,
Their chant was solemn, all the more
Commingle with that tone.

Oh, let not vile oblivion reign
With Error's stupid breath,
But let us raise the tuneful strain,
Forgetting what is base and vain,
Causing now to sound again
The glories of that death.

THE DRAMA OF A HEART.

Now sunk 'midst golden isles the sun,
Its course diurnal nearly run,
Draws near the end of day;
But while harmonious planets roll,
Do hearts and every human soul
Move docile just as they?

Prescribed there must have been a line
For them to follow and divine,
 All planetary, grand;
Though oft they seem to human eyes
Strange, falling things, to cause surprise,
 Eccentric where you stand.

But Freedom is what they enjoy;
So other signs we must employ,
 When passing to their sphere;
Then let us just suggest and say,
Each heart has a dramatic play
 To witness daily near.

'Midst tempests, spells, and struggles long,
No theme more worthy of a song,
 Than its poor tragic part;
'Midst noble, high, or fading powers,
'Midst joy as if in summer bowers,
 The drama of a heart.

Let others gods and heroes sing,
Refresh'd from true Castalian spring,
 Through clouds of fictions soar;
My theme is one but little known—
A heart whose faults were all its own;
 Perhaps 'twill interest more.

Each heart is still a spacious field,
Which can sweet flowers often yield,
 Reflections from the sky;
Its gleams, and woes, might well employ
Some moments of deep grief or joy,
 By those who smile or sigh.

The heart is an Elysian Grove,
Through which the best will often rove,
 Unscared by darksome shade;
It has its open glades and green,
Where playful graces can be seen,
 And all is beauteous made.

It has its grim autumnal spots,
Where leaf with flower often rots,
 A dank and dark recess—
All matted into humid clay,
Whence each would only speed away,
 Nor what he felt express.

At first, 'tis spring, creation new,
The whole is an enchanted view,
 Pure innocence around;
No eagle in its highest flight
Could reach the summits then in sight,
 As if a fairy ground.

Ah ! well may these fair gleams delight,
As if all things on earth were right,
 Since this as fact we know,
That when we feel as children all,
'Tis heaven that we might each thing call ;
 Its sons are only so.

But hearts are a quick changing stage ;
These scenes are shifted with our age ;
 So now a wood it seems,
A forest wild, of old Romance,
Through which before our eyes will dance
 Bright, sprightly, knightly dreams.

Then now we tread the feudal hall,
Each roof will seem a tower tall,
 Each youth a knight so fair ;
We feel a high inspiring glow,
As chivalry can still bestow ;
 True Honour reigneth there.

But Honour is a fearless sprite,
It searcheth all the day and night,
 To spurn and vanquish wrong ;
And this can lead us far beyond
The spring-tide path of youth so fond,
 And all the flights of song.

The past seems like the present still ;
It leaves us duties to fulfil,
Magnanimous and stern ;
Were men of former ages right ?
That is the question now in sight,
Which we must solve and learn.

Oh ! little thought we at the first,
That truths of faith on us would burst,
To make us change and turn !
But Honour has no other choice,
It must hear history's solemn voice,
And deeds long past must spurn.

Forsake our Lord at tyrant's call,
His Church renounce for fancies all,
To follow men beguiled
By wild fanaticism pure ;
Oh, this is what cannot endure
A noble, knightly child.

What Charlemagne, Saint Louis thought,
What Austin, Ambrose all have taught,
With countless sages more,
E'en men who the Apostles knew,
Who held with deep and lofty view,
And handed down their lore ;

What Clement, Irenæus knew,
With Thomas who such wisdom drew,
Is this to be renounced ?
Had Luther such a clearer sight,
As makes the past look dark as night ?
Well, Honour has pronounced.

No ; Gregory, and all the school,
Of "*peoples'*" tyrants never tool,
That Apostolic throng,
Transmitting truth from age to age,
All graven on immortal page,
To them we will belong.

So now the scene supposes woe,
From which all dearest virtues grow ;
You lose familiar friends ;
Grown cold, suspicious, full of fear,
They hate to see your person near,
And thus their fervour ends.

Avaunt this gloom from Fancy bred !
For what have Honour's sons to dread,
Who stand for right and truth ?
Then perish selfish ends and small,
Let coward interests sink and fall,
Let's feel the joy of youth !

And lo! what glories come in sight!
Your previous course seems dark as night,
 Compared with visions high
Of heroes, saints, in days of yore,
Whose favour now forms such a store,
 Who hover o'er us nigh.

Besides, admitted to the fold,
There's more for us than can be told
 In any poet's song.
No, all these things must be conceal'd,
Surpassing what can be reveal'd,
 Such as to faith belong.

But now the heart feels halcyon calm
Descend with every healing balm
 Upon its placid course;
As bright as an Arabian sea,
Perfumed as happy shores can be,
 It wants no sweet resource.

No swelling of an angry wave,
But all things made to bless and save,
 To ward off what might harm;
Oh, where on earth can man find good,
If here it be not understood,
 With its mysterious charm?

Still now again the scene will change ;
Through foreign lands the heart will range ;
 New friends are quickly made ;
Fresh vistas open to the view ;
The whole of life seems grand and new ;
 The past is thrown in shade.

Oh, France ! so courteous and refined,
So faithful to thy friends and kind,
 Thou hast not thought in vain !
Thy virtues have their deepest root
In that which can all natures suit,
 Thy ancient faith again.

But hark ! the thunder's distant peal,
Alas ! how brief is human weal !
 Those happy days are o'er ;
For now with cold and sullen breath,
The heart sees enter grim, pale death,
 To rob it of its store.

Now dark and dreadful all around,
Successive griefs stalk o'er the ground,
 Each joy and hope has fled ;
Familiar scenes of deepest woe,—
But it will ever thus be so,
 With wife and children dead.

Well, time wears on, the heart knows more
Of men than it divined before ;

It sees old faults arise;
It learns how both to weigh and scan
Far more than when it first began;
And Honour feels surprise.

For faults and wrongs are also found,
Thick sown upon the best of ground,
Which Faith had call'd its own.
So now through common life will stray
The heart which seeks the surest way,
Where less deceit is known.

A popular and common mood
Supplies it with congenial food;
Through towns it takes its way,—
Unlike the Macedonian king,
Disdaining each poor, lowly thing,
With pride his only stay.

For Alexander scorn'd to be
Made one of a community,
Until he had been told
That Hercules and Bacchus both
To join it had been nothing loath,
In days of fiction old.

The heart becomes the Muses' seat,
For after all they love the street,
 To mingle in the crowd ;
Although so many make a fuss,
With Bion and Theocritus,
 They like the din so loud.

True poets with the people stray,
And shun each haughty, lonely way ;
 On foot they always walk ;
The child is their companion fond,
The aged with them will not despond ;
 They mark how others talk ;

To echo back the joyful strain,
To grieve with those who must complain,
 To sympathize with all,
To know how passions can deceive,
To teach us each base thought to brave,
 At Truth's and Honour's call.

So now you see the humble crowd,
Whom few false virtues ever shroud,
 Where ways are just and kind ;
Plain faith allied with much that's good,
Which Honour likewise understood,
 And aye to Faith would bind.

Behold then now the garden fair,
And golden with the evening air,
 The river, boat, or hill ;
The cheerful faces in the crowd,
And best the absence of the proud,—
 The night so clear and still.

Suburban fields, and summer's eve—
Few will condescend to believe
 That these can soothe the heart !
But view them with Parisian eyes,
And London then can you surprise,
 And “little” joys impart.

Do not believe what you have heard ;
We *are* a true poetic herd,
 Deep feeling leads us far ;
We love the music and the glee ;
All love to rove, like you and me,
 Beneath the evening star.

Then landscape painters come with art,
And deck with verdant hues the heart,
 And such as never fade ;
It has to feast on heaths and groves,
Through which in life with friends it roves,
 When they are but a shade.

So through these scenes of common life,
With only what is base at strife,
 The heart pursues its way;
Its human nature thus restored,
Shows traces not to be deplored
 By those who higher stray.

But this poor heart so wild, forlorn,
From all its ancient bonds so torn,
 Sent loose, adrift, alone ;
Must all the charms of life be strange
To one thus cast through time to range,
 Though not yet callous grown ?

Is gentleness, with graces sweet,
No more its solitude to meet,
 To breathe again its balm ;
Like softest air of summer's breath,
Enough to waken smiles in death,
 So bright and deep its calm ?

Alas ! the ways enchanted here
Are full of glamour, full of fear,
 With magic circles spread ;
For through this tract mysterious so,
Alone, uncounsell'd, each will go,
 And well may fancies dread.

And yet it shows the traces found
Upon soft vernal, tangled ground,
 Of those not wholly lost,
Who found in circumstances, light,
Which burnèd through the darkest night,
 When all was tempest-tost.

It shows, as if with magic pen,
What wonders women can be then,
 For secret grandeur deep,
A grandeur men ne'er comprehend,
Though all the eyes of mind they spend,
 While sons of sorrow weep.

Successive dramas sees the heart,
In each some deeply tragic part,
 And then it ends for you;
While scenes around keep traces left
Of loved ones pass'd from you, bereft,
 Till ghostlike-grows your view.

Without, why court the tragic Muse?
Within the heart, whate'er you choose,
 She sits upon her throne;
For incidents you see and hear,
Such as from flints might draw a tear,
 Are there familiar grown.

A heart that well has known the low,
Will sensitive and tender grow,
 For they will suffer most ;
Low in fortune, great in heart,
You love them for your own poor part,
 However others boast.

These dramas make the heart grow kind;
They cast true beams upon the mind
 Of light benignant, clear ;
For sorrow deep each often brings,
From knowledge of the humble things
 Which to the Muse are dear.

But what is life of grief bereft,
When only noisy mirth is left,
 And hearts on that you spend ?
Oh, cherish tragedy within,
By which some even glory win,
 And sanctify their end.

Let others as they will complain
Of sorrows which they can't sustain,
 I only know of one;
The recollecting pleasures past,
Which once you thought would always last,
 When she you loved is gone !

That sick, strange fainting of the heart,
That nervous, half-hysterical start,
 As if from Death's own touch,
When thinking of a face and smile,
Which did so many hours beguile,
Like summer's breath for many a mile,
Or some kind fairy's gentle wile—
 No other feeling such.

Still Nature, ever blithe, will wind,
Compassionating human kind,
 With hearts, and can prevail
To extricate from darkest fate,
And with some tints to reinstate,
 The heart where all was pale.

The sweets of some poor, humble spot,
The charm of a contented lot,
 Devotion to a soul,
Can change the aspect of the scene,
While hope and love will intervene,
 To neutralize the whole.

So Fancy, fed by others' joy,
Will simple methods still employ
 To soften down each part,
That nought in one should disagree
With true, eternal charity,
 But all be right at heart.

With Honour's ancient sense of wrong,
To injure others won't belong
 To those who wander so ;
Detesting evil from their soul,
Old Honour will still mould the whole,
 Though nothing fruitful grow.

And then Forgiveness, spirit mild,
That waits there on those worst beguiled,
 Of circumstances sport ;
Through all the range of human leaven,
No joy so like the joy of Heaven,
 As when we grant that port.

You see the pallid, shrinking fair,
The woe-begone and hopeless air,
 The sudden burst of tears ;
But who can see the heart's bright glow,
When pardon whole it will bestow,
 Its kiss dispelling fears ?

Sweet Lord, what mercy to our race,
To teach we can our faults efface,
 Forgiving those who fall !
The poet's wings but trail the ground,
Unrivall'd dramas here are found,
 The heart surpassing all.

So woman, in each normal heart,
Continues still to play a part
 On that internal stage;
Creating interest varied, strong,
Each life become a poet's song,
 A true, romantic page.

For constant, ever at our side,
Or else across our path to glide,
 She sweetens every hour;
Reviving life with sunny beams,
As bright as in our youthful dreams,
 Till death, a lover's bower :

Or else diffusing grief around,
As in the wildest tale is found,
 With sudden mystery,
While working out some secret deep,
To ward off what does murder sleep,
 Some tragic history.

Yes, thus her sprightly, loving face
Through all our life will leave a trace,
 At eve as well as morn;
From wood or stone we are not sprung,
But whether we be old or young,
 Of her we all were born.

Our life is but a night of gloom,
If our lone heart becomes a tomb,
 And those we love have pass'd ;
One star of brightness may remain,
If woman's eye detects no stain
 On us from first to last.

Oh, may that test with you succeed,
When some elixir you will need
 To neutralize despair !
If woman always found you kind,
The heart may sink, but not the mind,
 All woes you then can bear.

But mark, while shade the heart surrounds,
'Tis not a desert without bounds,
 Through which it takes its way ;
The scene presents some chapel fair,
Some cross, some altar standing there,
 To which it goes to pray.

Byronian wilds are not its haunt,
Where savage scenery can daunt,
 'Midst rocks and eagles' cries ;
You still can mark the holy throng
To which it hopes it may belong,
 At least before it dies.

Oh, temper'd scenes of faith with love,
With hopes still beaming from above,
 And all in one combined;
'Tis true the heart has faults to own,
But harden'd it has never grown,
 With faith so close entwined.

Its hope, too, rests 'upon a word,
The sweetest mortals ever heard,
 When analyzing sins,
That voice which to the Romans show'd
Each act its sin to absence owed
 Of love, that Heaven wins.

For this and that, it said, were crimes ;
And why ? the answer suits all times,
 They outrage human love;
The heart then into itself will dive,
And hope, thought dead, will all survive;
 It yet can look above.

Religion has a root so deep,
That, when in earth it seems to sleep,
 The plant will surely rise ;
It springs up with the wild weeds rank,
For the dew of Heaven it drank,
 In depths it never dies.

It rises at the solemn bell,
At voices, and the organ's swell,
At eyes which flow with tears;
At signs of loving all that's good,
With love by men not understood,
It gushing forth appears.

It winds through Oriental glades,
Through holy wisdom's joyful shades,
By palaces of gold ;
By mystic roses, ivory towers,
Resplendent mirrors, maidens' bowers,
Immortal things of old.

It leads to mothers virgins dear,
With pity who will wipe the tear,
Before the blessed throne
Of God, Creator, Saviour great,
Who, ransoming the human state,
A mother blest would own.

It sees so bright the morning star,
The gate of Heaven not so far,
For Christians, hope and aid;
The sick and sinners both restored,
The queen of all true hearts implored,
Great God eternal, aye adored,
Enthroned the humble maid.

Those epithets, delicious, dear,
So grateful to the Christian ear,
 When drunk with faith and love,
Suspended before altars high,
Where the Virgin hears our sigh *
 Ascending there above,

Like censers with the frankincense,
Expressing spirit by the sense,
 With harmonies so deep,
Now raise up thoughts within the heart,
Which views of Heaven can impart,
 And make beholders weep.

For ranged around a throne above,
We seem to see Eternal Love,
 Receiving homage there,
The chief of creatures, blessed, crown'd,
With those we knew all standing round,
 In bright cerulean air.

The mind surpassing with its glance
What Angelo did once entrance,
 When genius heard his call ;
No shapes distinct like his we see,
But still one glorious mystery,
 Which seems to cover all.

Then scenes of providential care
Remember'd will be likewise there,
 Unheard-of things to view;
What love divine has been display'd
In each man's life, however play'd,
 If only all we knew !

But henceforth silence reigns around ;
There's so much lost, and so much found,
 The heart cannot disclose;
With indistinct and transient rays,
Are spent its last remaining days;
 It thinks, but nothing knows.

Three instances of silence grand
Antiquity had at command,
 Contain'd in glorious song ;
Great Ajax, deigning not to speak,
Eurydice through sorrow weak,
 And Dido spurning wrong.

A fourth to these the heart will add,
A silence, not of grief, nor glad,
 But wisdom's latest choice;
When feeling that our mind will soar
Where human views are seen no more,
 And thoughts possess no voice.

What skills it to contend with men ?
To argue and to wield a pen,
 When they for truth will sleep ?
The Florentines are said to hate
The man who ventured once to state
 The Arno was not deep.

Catanians hearing *Ætna's* head
Was lower than they always said,
 Evinced a rage as strange ;
In vain its height exact was proved,
Their anger could not be removed,
 Their judgment would not change.

So men will think their brooks profound,
It matters not if shallow found,
 Their hillocks mountains high ;
Deep silence is the wisest choice ;
It has its own peculiar voice,
 When guarding it we die.

While some will join the insane race
For wealth, distinction, and a place
 By ancient crime prepared,
This heart will still show other scenes
Unfold whatever intervenes,
 The weak who nathless dared :

Whose life, though vain, was a protest
Against what men like these profess'd,
 When faith they had defied;
Who to the ancient banner clung,
In age as first when life was young,
 Who fallen hoped and died.

But now the light begins to fail,
And night's dim sceptre to prevail
 O'er man, and beast, and bird;
The crescent moon, now overhead,
Looks pale upon the forest spread,
 Where hooting owls are heard.

The road through woods is shaded deep;
The drowsy rover nods to sleep,
 Though distant echoes roam;
The Muses' Hill already far
Is seen beneath the evening star;
 But now we've reach'd our home.

TIME—*Nightfall.*

SCENE—*The Church in the distance, from which rises the
hymn for COMPLINE.*

COMPLINE.

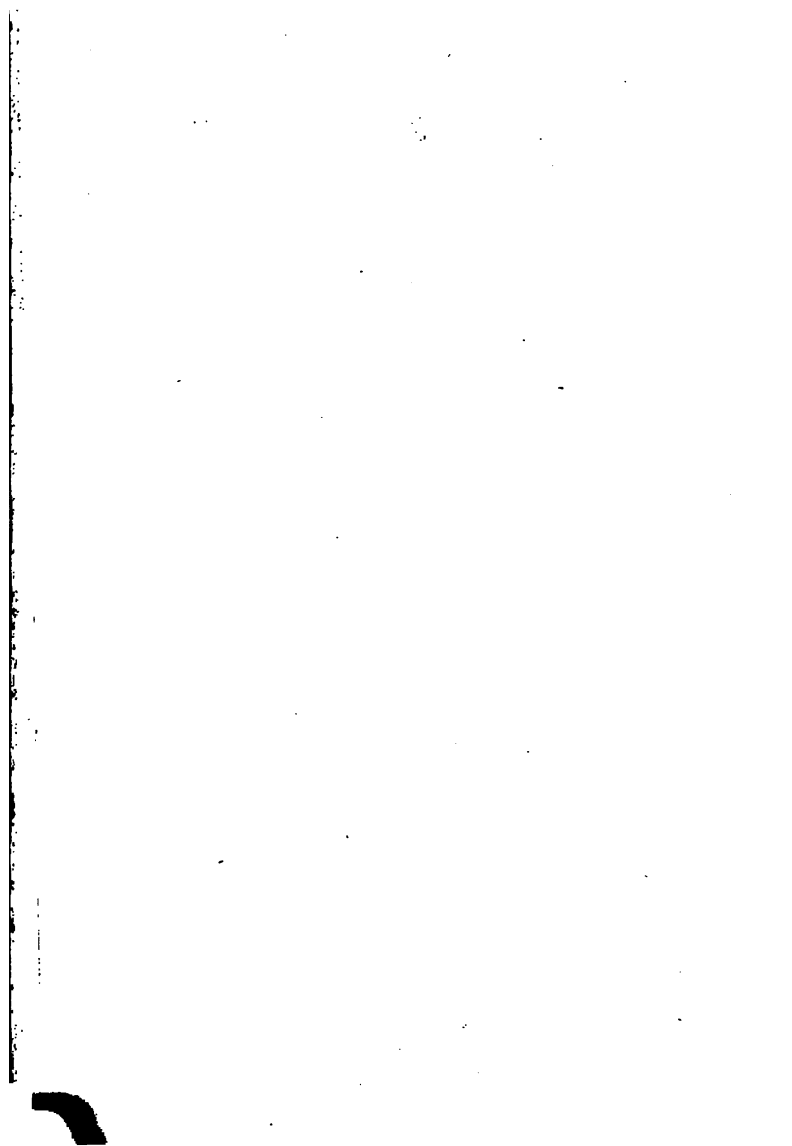
THEE, now before the end of light,
 Creator great, we supplicate,
That Thou wouldst guard us in the night,
 Through Thy sweet clemency so great.

That evil dreams far hence may fly,
With phantoms of the night that awe ;
Restrain our enemy so nigh,
That no contagion we may draw.

O pious Father ! grant this prayer ;
Thou equal Son, and Paraclete !
That reign for ever with Thee there,
Whose glory endless is complete ⁷.

⁷ Translated from the Roman Office.





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